

# PLUCK AND LUCK

FONTENOY FARRELL OR THE  
DASHING YOUNG SCOUT  
OF THE  
IRISH BRIGADE

By ALLAN ARNOLD  
AND OTHER STORIES



Down from the tree sprang a form, alighting behind the young girl on Captain Heald's charger, hurling that officer to the ground. The same voice continued: "Now for the French camp, then death to rascals!"

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## FONTENOY FARRELL

### OR, THE DASHING YOUNG SCOUT OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

By ALLAN ARNOLD

#### CHAPTER I.—The Dashing Young Scout

Flanders was for a long time the principal battle-ground of the great armies of Europe, as it may become again at no very distant day.

About the middle of the last century war was declared between the French on one side and the English and Dutch on the other, and large armies were soon put in motion toward the old seat of war. King Louis of France marched into Flanders at the head of nearly eighty thousand men, the celebrated Marshal Saxe being the actual commander of the host. The French commenced by laying siege to Tournay, a very strongly-fortified place situated on the banks of the River Scheld. While they were thus engaged the Duke of Cumberland, the greatest English general of the time, landed a large army at the mouth of the river, where they were joined by a Dutch contingent, and the united forces marched to relieve Tournay by defeating the French army in the open field. Marshal Saxe knew that he had a brave and skillful general to contend with, and that the army was composed of veterans who had been trained to war in the battle-fields of Europe, yet he did not hesitate to engage in a struggle which was destined to be as important in history as that of Waterloo itself, although English writers are not inclined to dwell on the subject. Leaving about twenty-five thousand of his men to continue the siege of Tournay Marshal Saxe put his army in motion and maneuvered to intercept his powerful foe. Among those who thus marched out to encounter the English army was the famous Irish Brigade, which was composed of men who were banished from their own country by the oppressive laws of the English invader. Great was the joy in the Irish camp that night when it was announced that the brigade was to march forth to meet their English foe once more. The first person who brought intelligence of the English army was a dashing young scout named Fontenoy Farrell, connected with the Irish Brigade. Having lived in his native village until he joined the Brigade, two years before, the young scout was thoroughly acquainted with the country around, and he had already distinguished himself by bold acts during the early part of the campaign. When the lad was about thirteen years of age he paid a visit to Paris with his father and mother. Captain Far-

rell was a great dreamer and a firm believer in his own predictions. On a certain morning on appearing at breakfast with his wife and son he said to the good lady:

"My dear, I had strange dreams last night, and I know that something very important is going to happen soon."

Being encouraged to relate his dreams, the old soldier said to them:

"I dreamt that war broke out again, and that our brigade was ordered to battle. Then I thought that we were drawn up on the side of a hill overlooking a village, which I recognized very readily. That village was Fontenoy, where you became my wife, and where our son here was born and reared. Then I heard the sounds of battle, and we were ordered to get ready for the charge. At that moment a cannon-ball came along and struck me on the head. Then I knew no more till I woke up."

Both mother and son listened attentively, and when the old captain had concluded the lady said:

Certainly, dear husband, but I hope that your dream will never come true, as I would not like to see the dear old home a prey to war, and I have no desire at all to become a widow."

The grim old soldier gave a sigh, and shook his head as he responded:

"Soldiers must fight and die, my dear, and villages will be destroyed in war. Mark my words for it, Fontenoy will become famous in history, and for that reason I request you to call our boy here after his native village hereafter."

The good woman smiled again at the strange request, while the lad himself said:

"I never liked the name of Fritz, and I do like our old home. Do call me Fontenoy Farrell hereafter, mother, and I'll be a soldier like my father and take part in the great battle he predicts."

In less than a week after the prediction war broke out with Austria, and Captain Farrell marched away with the Irish brigade. The brave old veteran was killed by a cannon-ball in the first engagement, just as he had predicted, and his widow retired to her native village with her son. About four years after, and when Fontenoy Farrell was a strapping lad of seventeen, he joined the famous brigade in which his father had served and returned to France with it. Just

two years after his enlistment in the Irish brigade he marched into Flanders again, to take part in the siege of Tournay, and in the memorable battle that was to follow. Fontenoy Farrell soon became a general favorite with the Irish lads of the brigade. Though born in Flanders and having a Flemish mother, the dashing, handsome youth could sing an Irish song and dance a jig as well as any of them. Before the French army moved out of the trenches before Tournay, the scouts were sent abroad to discover the whereabouts and the strength of the English army, if possible. Fontenoy Farrell was a scout and he was the first to strike on the enemy at a point some thirty miles beyond his own native village, and he then rode back with all speed to inform his colonel of the fact. On returning through the village the young man stopped for a few moments at his mother's house, where he was also attracted by a young girl who was slightly related and who was making her home there at the time. During that interview his father's prediction was recalled again, the young scout saying:

"I am certain, mother, that a great battle will be fought around here soon, and I beg of you to hasten to our camp at the first approach of the enemy, providing that we do not advance beyond here to give them battle."

The timid woman promised to obey her son's advice and she at once commenced to make preparations for the journey. On reaching the French camp and making his report the young man was advised to take some hours rest, as it would be necessary for him to start out before very long again. Instead of retiring to rest, however, young Farrell conversed with some of his young companions, to whom he related his father's prediction for the first time. That prediction soon flew through the Irish camp, and thousands learned for the first time that such a place as Fontenoy appeared on the map of Flanders. It was fully nine o'clock that night when Fontenoy Farrell was led to the tent of the commander general by his colonel. They found the great soldier reclining on a sofa with a small map before him, and it really appeared to the active young man as if the old warrior would soon fight his last battle, so ill did he seem. After learning who the young man was from Colonel Dillon, Saxe pointed to a spot on the map, saying:

"I understand that you were born at that village, sir."

"I was, general."

"Then you can give me correct information regarding the country about there?"

"I can, general."

After receiving the information required as to the locality, the French general continued:

"I understand that you are the messenger that brought us information of the enemy this evening?"

"I had that honor, general."

The general then made certain inquiries as to the distance of the enemy when perceived by the young man, and on receiving the proper answers he asked:

"If you were to receive instructions would you venture close to the enemy and make notes as to their movements, strength, and the evident intentions of their general?"

"I will venture into the very center of their

camp if so ordered, general," answered young Farrell in firm but modest tones.

In less than an hour after Fontenoy Farrell was riding toward his native village disguised as a peasant and mounted on a strong Flemish horse. On reaching the village in a downpour of rain, he found the inhabitants very much excited and his own mother's cottage in flames. Although very indignant and excited, the young scout did not betray himself, even when informed that his mother and her young cousin had been borne away as prisoners by a party of Dutch troopers commanded by Captain Frank Held, who was also related to Mrs. Farrell. The excuse given for the outrage by the young Dutch officer was that Fontenoy Farrell was a scout in the service of France, and that his mother had also been giving information to the enemy. Burning with indignation, but still suppressing his rage in the presence of those who may recognize him, Fontenoy Farrell rode away out of the village, muttering to himself:

"I know the game that hound Frank Held is playing, but I will baffle him if I have to strike him dead in the midst of his own men."

The young scout pressed on over an hour, when he was approaching a small village in which he perceived lights moving around.

"Maybe it is Frank Held's party, and I will leave my horse here and steal around to the tavern on foot."

As Fontenoy Farrell was thoroughly acquainted with the locality he had little or no difficulty in skirting the village, even on that dark and stormy night, and when he did approach the tavern by the back way his surmises were verified. Captain Held and some fifty troopers occupied the tavern and the outhouses, and they had pickets on the road leading to Fontenoy.

## CHAPTER II.—The Young Scout In a Quandary.

Keeping in the background for the time, and having his eyes and ears open, the young scout soon learned two important facts from the troopers who were refreshing their horses. The first point he learned was that Captain Held had been sent forward by the English general to ascertain if Fontenoy and the bridge near it leading over the Scheld was still occupied by the French troops. He also learned that the French and Dutch armies were pushing on as fast as possible in the hope of surprising Marshal Saxe before Tournay. The young scout now discovered that the Duke of Cumberland was pushing his army on with all speed, that his object was to seize Fontenoy and the bridge as soon as possible, and to surprise the French army. He knew that Captain Held was a heartless young adventurer, that he was working to secure the hand of the young girl in marriage, and that he would not hesitate in denouncing Mrs. Farrell as a spy and having her put to death.

Was it possible for the young scout to rescue his friends by some stratagem and bear them back to the French camp? From words dropped by Marshal Saxe at their interview young Fontenoy Farrell understood that his native village was looked upon as a very important position,

and the actions of the enemy in trying to push forward and seize it verified his surmises.

After studying the whole affair over without being perceived by the troopers around the stable, Fontenoy Farrell made up his mind as to his course of action. Although Captain Frank Held had been an old schoolmate of his, it was two years since they had met, and that two years of service in the French army had altered young Farrell's appearance very much. Besides being well disguised on that stormy night, the young scout of the Irish Brigade was covered with mud from head to foot after his hasty journey through the drenching rain, and he felt quite safe in venturing into the tavern in the character of a belated countryman seeking refreshment. Before entering, however, he cast his eye along the road leading to Fontenoy, when he perceived that about a dozen of the mounted troopers were drawn up there, as if to intercept any stray travelers moving toward the French lines. One glance around the public room of the tavern caused the young scout to utter a mental exclamation of surprise. At the large public table sat his mother and her young cousin, Emma Held, in the act of partaking of some refreshments, while placed between them appeared Captain Held. It was well for Fontenoy Farrell that he had splendid control of himself at the time, as he was fairly dazed at the scene thus presented to him. Putting on all the rough ways of a country boor, however, the young scout took a seat at the end of the table and called for some bread and beer. Without pretending to notice them much, he kept a strict watch on the three persons at the other end of the table, and he was still more amazed on finding that his mother appeared to be perfectly happy in the company of her cousin. Mrs. Farrell was still a handsome buxom woman some few years under forty as she was only a young girl when she married the gallant Irish officer, who was then past the prime of life. Captain Frank Held was a handsome, tall young man of twenty-two, and he was very popular with frivolous young ladies. Emma Held was a handsome, sensible girl of seventeen. She was the sole heiress to a considerable fortune, and Mrs. Farrell was her guardian. As the young scout listened, it became very apparent to him that his mother was not aware that her home had been burned, that she regarded Captain Held as her best friend, and that Emma shared in the same belief. While the young scout was puzzling his brain as to how he should work out the quandary he was in, another actor entered on the scene in the person of a sober-looking man, whom he recognized as a clergyman of the village where they were then stopping. On the appearance of the clergyman Captain Held addressed him in welcome tones, and then led his lady friends upstairs, where they were followed by the man in black. Fontenoy Farrell became fearfully excited on witnessing the actions of those so near to him, and his agony was increased by hearing the landlord of the inn exclaim:

"They will make a handsome pair."

The Irish blood in the young scout's veins became heated to a boiling point on hearing that the dissolute and intriguing Frank Held was about to wed sweet Emma Held, and he dashed up the stairs to interrupt the ceremony without

taking any heed of the consequences. When the excited young man did burst into the room where the ceremony was about to take place, Frank Held and the young girl were standing before the clergyman. Without uttering a word, the excited youth burst into the room and dealt Captain Held a blow on the side of the head with a rough walking-stick which he carried. The dashing young scout had scarcely dealt the blow when he seized Emma Held around the waist, raised her in his arms and bore her out of the room, as he whispered into her ear:

"I am Fontenoy Farrell. Are you crazy to think of marrying such a scoundrel?"

The young girl had swooned while Fontenoy was bearing her down the stairs. The landlord attempted to stop the dashing young man as he was bearing his insensible relative toward the door, but Fontenoy gave him a blow with his stick and hurled him aside. Gaining the front door with his burden, the young scout darted to the right, while the utmost uproar prevailed behind them, as the dragoons came rushing in by the back way. Leaping a low fence, and still grasping the light form of the girl in his arms, Fontenoy gained a small garden at the side of the tavern and pushed on to the rear at full speed. One cry did escape from her ere Fontenoy could whisper into her ear:

"Be silent on your life, Emma, as I am your cousin Fontenoy, and I am here to save you from that designing wretch."

The young girl became silent as she recognized the voice, but the single cry escaping from her had attracted the attention of those who were rushing from the tavern, and several of the troopers darted through the garden in pursuit.

### CHAPTER III.—On the Road to Fontenoy.

When young Farrell heard the cries of the troopers after him he had just gained the edge of the wood where he had left his horse. On hearing the cries of his pursuers, his scouting instincts became aroused, and he addressed the young girl, saying:

"Can you run with me, dear Emma? If I am captured they will put me to death."

"Yes, yes, good Fonte," was the instant reply, as the young girl glided out of his arms and pushed on through the wood with him at a smart pace.

Feeling that there was no time for explanation, the young scout pressed on with his companion, and they soon gained the spot where the strong Flemish horse was secured to the branch of a tree. Placing the young girl in front of him on the horse, the young scout turned the animal out toward the road, and they were soon galloping back on the road to Fontenoy, while the daring fellow muttered to himself:

"We will escape them now, and I can give Marshal Saxe information of the approach of the enemy."

The young man then thought of his mother, and they had not proceeded very far when he addressed the young girl before him, saying:

"Good Emma, what was the meaning of your very strange journey and bearing tonight?"

"Did you not know, Fonte? Why, we were hastening with Captain Held to rescue you of course."

"To rescue me? On my honor, I do not understand you, Emma."

"Were you not taken prisoner by the English this evening?"

"Not I, good cousin. I have never been a prisoner in the hands of the enemy."

A few words uttered by the girl were quite sufficient to convince the young scout that she and his mother were the victims of a foul plot, and that Captain Held had used his own name in order to entice them from Fontenoy and make Emma his wife as soon as possible. While urging on his steed he addressed the girl again, however, saying:

"But why this hasty marriage, good Emma?"

"I knew not what I was doing. Frank Held informed us that you were in the English lines and condemned to death as a spy, and he swore to set you free before morning."

"Then your hand and fortune were to be the rewards for saving my life?"

"That was your mother's suggestion, Fonte, and I obeyed her. Is it true that you were not taken prisoner by the English at all?"

"Quite true, good Emma, but I fear that I will fall into the hands of the Dutch troopers now. Then I will be certain to suffer death, as I am within their lines in disguise. The dogs burned our house in the village tonight."

"Let me dismount and save yourself, Fonte," she cried, "as the horse will then bear you faster."

"It would make no difference, good Emma, and I will die ere I have to leave you in the power of that wretch!"

Then he turned his horse into a thick woods.

"Bend down over the horse's neck now, so as to avoid the branches, and fear not but we will escape them yet."

After they had proceeded a short distance Fontenoy Farrell drew up and listened, and they could then hear the trampling of horses' feet along the road beyond them, and he whispered to his companion, saying:

"They have not missed us on the road in the darkness, and if we can gain the river path we can slip around the bridge and escape them. I must gain the French camp tonight at all hazards."

The young scout had scarcely uttered the words when five or six dark forms darted along the path toward them, and before he could urge the horse on again a hand was on the bridle while a familiar voice cried out:

"Surrender, you dog of a spy."

Releasing his hold on the young girl on the instant, Fontenoy Farrell struck at the speaker with his heavy stick, and Captain Frank Held went down before him the second time that night. The dashing young spy then sprang from the horse, leaving the trembling girl clinging around his neck, while four of the troopers on foot closed in on him brandishing their swords and threatening him with instant death if he did not surrender. He did succeed in knocking aside two of his foes, when Captain Frank Held sprang to his feet again, and drawing a pistol he pointed it at his young cousin's breast, saying:

"Surrender, you rascally spy, or I'll put you to death on the instant."

A scream of terror burst from the young girl, and she then cried:

"Oh, Frank, Frank Held, do not fire on your life, as that is our own cousin Fontenoy."

"Fontenoy Farrell!" exclaimed the treacherous officer, as he stared at the rough figure before him. "It is impossible, as he was a prisoner to-night in the English camp."

The diversion gave the young scout the chance he was looking for as his assailants drew back a little at the moment, and he made a sudden dart into the dense wood, as he yelled aloud: "I am Fontenoy Farrell, you treacherous dog, and I will defeat you tonight yet."

"After him, men; he is an impostor and a spy. Fire on him and bring him down."

Fearing arrest in his character of a peasant, the only weapon worn by the young scout was the stout cudgel, which he had already used with so much effect, and as he dashed along through the wood, with the cries of his pursuers ringing in his ears, he said to himself:

"Would that I had a pistol to put an end to the career of that scoundrel. Can it be really possible that he believed I was a prisoner in the hands of the English? I cannot understand his actions, but he was always a designing dog."

Captain Held only sprang a few paces away from the young girl in the pursuit, when he ran back to her again saying:

"What a strange adventure, Emma! Is it possible that that is Fonte Farrell?"

"It is Fonte Farrell, and he declares that he was not a prisoner in the hands of the English, Captain Held. Why have you so deceived us?"

After calling back his men the young officer led the horse, on which the young girl was still mounted, back toward the road, as he replied in the most earnest tones:

"On my honor, Emma, I was positive that he was in the English camp to-night under sentence of death. I trust he will escape now, and I will fully explain myself when we return to the tavern."

The young officer then turned to give orders to his troopers to hasten back to the tavern, and placing the young girl on his own splendid horse, said to her:

"Dear Emma, the clergyman awaits us yet, and you will become my bride."

"Never!" rang out a shrill voice above them. Then down from the branch of a tree sprang a dark form, alighting behind the young girl on Captain Held's splendid charger, and hurling that officer to the ground again, while the same voice continued crying:

"Now for the French camp, and then death to all lying rascals."

On the next instant, and before the startled troopers could stop him, Fontenoy Farrell was dashing away on the fine steed, with the young girl before him.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Fontenoy's Double.

When the young scout burst into the room to bear away the bride no one was more surprised than his own simpleminded mother. On leaving

his old home in the afternoon Fontenoy had informed his mother that he expected to be sent out on another scouting trip soon after reaching the French camp, and she looked for him to pass through the village before night-fall, although there was another route that he could take on the other side of the river. Being very much alarmed over the approach of the English army, and fearing that a great battle would take place in the neighborhood, the good woman was busy at work that night with Emma in preparing to move to the camp of the Irish Brigade when Captain Held and his Dutch troopers dashed suddenly into the village. Mrs. Farrell was not alarmed at the appearance of her young relative, even though he was fighting against her son. While Mrs. Farrell knew that her son did not like Frank she was not aware that they had ever quarreled, and she had always treated her young relative with extreme kindness and courtesy.

Captain Held and his men rode straight to Mrs. Farrell's house without stopping, and the young man at once dismounted and entered the house, where he was received with the usual kindness. He then hastened to inform his cousin that Fontenoy had been captured as a spy by the advancing English that evening, that the allied armies would occupy Fontenoy and the neighboring country on the following morning, and that the village would certainly be destroyed. The good woman was fearfully agitated about her brave son, and so was Emma. Captain Held also intimated that the mother of the spy would suffer, unless under the protection of one in favor with the English generals. In a word, the scheming rascal so worked on the fears of the timid women that they were only too glad to accept his aid and advice. The burning of the old homestead was really an accident, as it was caused by the upsetting of a lamp in the hands of one of the troopers left behind to bring on later information about the French. Before the other village was reached Emma had consented to become the captain's bride, as a reward for his rescuing Fontenoy Farrell from the hands of the English. Captain Held really believed that the young scout was in the power of the English, and that he was condemned to die on the following morning. When he swore to rescue the condemned youth, however, Captain Frank Held had not the slightest thought of fulfilling his promise. When Captain Held and about a dozen of his troopers rode away in pursuit of the daring intruder who had carried off the promised bride, Mrs. Farrell and the clergyman anxiously awaited their return in the main apartment of the tavern. While the anxious mother was thus waiting a strong body of English dragoons rode up to the tavern and halted there. A rough voice then was heard outside, crying:

"Bring the prisoner in here."

An English officer then entered the tavern, followed by four dragoons, dragging a young man with them. On seeing the prisoner Mrs. Farrell sprang at him on the instant and flung arms around his neck, while she exclaimed:

"My dear son, my Fontenoy, they must not put you to death."

The young prisoner repulsed the woman as well as he could with his arms bound behind

him, while he glared at her with deep disgust as he cried:

"You are mistaken, woman, as I have no mother. Is this a part of the plot to ruin me?"

The agitated woman started back in amazement at being thus repulsed, while the English officer seized her by the arm, saying:

"One moment, madam. What is your name and where do you come from, as I see that you are a traveler!"

The anxious mother did not answer on the moment as she was staring at the youth who had denied her, while officer again demanded:

"Speak out, madam. What is your name and where do you come from?"

"My name is Farrell, sir."

A satisfied smile appeared on the officer's grim face as he demanded:

"Is that young man your son?"

"I was certain he was my son when I embraced him, but I am in doubt now."

"That doubt will not save the prisoner's life, you may be certain, madam. Have you a son, and what is his name?"

Without replying to the question the perplexed woman advanced close to the prisoner again and stared at his eyes ere she cried:

"That is not my son."

"Beware, woman! You are the wife of a rebel Irish officer, and you will receive no mercy at our hands. It is useless for you to deny your son here, as he has been recognized by several who know him to be a scout and a spy in the service of the French. His name is Fontenoy Farrell, and he will die in his native village in the morning."

"And I tell you that you are mistaken, Colonel Barron," cried the young man. "My name is Gilbert Bronson, I am a native of Brussels, and I have never been connected with the French army. If I am put to death as a spy you will regret it."

"Heaven be praised," cried Mrs. Farrell, "it is not my son at all, and my brave Fontenoy is safe. I pity you, good youth, as you do resemble him so much. It is extraordinary."

"This farce will not save your son, madam, as we are assured of his identity. His cousin, Captain Held, besides several others, recognized him tonight," said the English officer.

"Why, here is Captain Held now," cried the woman, as that officer strode into the tavern, saluting the English officer before he turned to stare at the prisoner.

"Captain Held," cried the English colonel, "is not this person the French scout and spy known as Fontenoy Farrell?"

"There is a mistake, Colonel Barron. That person is not Fontenoy Farrell, as I have good reason to know. If you will oblige me with a private interview I will explain matters."

The baffled man then drew the Englishman aside and gave him an account of his adventures with the darling young scout of the Irish Brigade, being very careful in the meantime not to explain his own private motives in bearing away Mrs. Farrell and the young girl. Colonel Barron was astonished at the audacity of the young scout, and he said:

"Then the rascal will give information of our

advance to the enemy, as he was certain to have picked up news while loitering in your track."

A clatter of hoofs was heard outside at the moment, and Captain Held ran to the door, crying:

"Here are my men back now."

"And we bear a prisoner with us, captain," cried one of the Dutch troopers. "It is the rascal who stole away the girl."

A cry of exultation burst from Captain Held as he sprang out into the road, while Mrs. Farrell gasped out in piteous tones:

"It is my dear son."

It was real Fontenoy Farrell who was soon led into the tavern as a prisoner by the Dutch troopers, who were followed by Captain Held, crying:

"Where is the young girl?"

The young scout of the Irish Brigade laughed in derision, ere he responded:

"Your dear bride is safe in the French camp ere now, Frank Held, and she will inform Marshall Saxe of the advance of the English to surprise him."

"We have the real Fontenoy Farrell now, colonel, and you will know how to deal with him," said Frank Held. The words were spoken in such low tones that the others could not overhear them, and Colonel Barron smiled in assent, as he responded:

"We will settle with the fellow."

The grim English officer then turned to Fontenoy Farrell, saying:

"Then you admit, prisoner, that you are in the service of the French?"

"I am in the service of the Irish Brigade, as my brave father was before me."

"And you were taken as a spy within our lines?"

"I was taken while rescuing a young lady from the hands of a scoundrel who lied to her in the most shameful manner for his own vile purposes."

The brave young scout then turned on Captain Held, saying:

"When you purchase another horse, Frank Held, see that he is heavy enough to carry double at full speed. I was in a fair way of escaping to-night, only that the steed was faltering under Emma and I, and it was all important that she should escape from one who was wedding her in order to thoroughly protect her."

"Out with the impudent rascal and hang him on the nearest tree," cried Colonel Barron.

"Spare my brave son," cried Mrs. Farrell, as she sprang forward and clasped her arms around Fontenoy's neck. "Oh, good Frank, plead for your cousin."

The young scout was torn from his mother's embrace and led out as he cried:

"Don't despair, mother, as I will live to fight against the English tyrants yet. Long live France and the Irish Brigade!"

The poor woman attempted to follow her brave son, but the soldiers held her back, while Colonel Barron turned to the other prisoner, saying:

"You had a narrow escape, young sir, and you will be kept under arrest until I am certain that you are not connected with that young viper. What alarm is that out there?"

The sound thus heard was the tramping of

horses and the clashing of steel, and the cries ringing out on the stormy night were:

"Strike for France and Erin, boys!"

"Clear the way for the boys of the Irish Brigade!"

When Mrs. Farrell heard the joyful shouts she clasped her hands and exclaimed:

"Dear Fontenoy is saved! Heaven bless my old friends of the Irish Brigade!"

Then loud above the din of the strife and the storm outside arose the voice of the dashing young scout as he thundered forth:

"To the rescue, brave friends of the Irish Brigade! On through the English dogs and save a comrade from the hangman's rope!"

When Fontenoy Farrell was compelled to save his cousin from capture by springing from the horse, which could not bear them both in safety, the young girl obeyed his advice and rode to the village of Fontenoy as fast as she could. The young scout endeavored to escape into the wood, but the troopers were too close on him, and he was overpowered after knocking two of them down with his heavy cudgel. When Emma Held arrived at Fontenoy she found the place in possession of the cavalry regiment of the Irish Brigade, sent forward by General Saxe to forestall the English in their forward movement. The young girl at once hastened to inform the colonel in command of the advance of the English and capture of the young scout. Two hundred men were at once sent forward to the rescue. And those were the gallant fellows now charging to the rescue of Fontenoy Farrell. The troopers under Colonel Barron fully equaled the men of the Irish Brigade in point of numbers not counting the horsemen with Captain Held, and the allied force made a gallant stand, even though they were at first surprised by the headlong dash of their enemies in the darkness of the storm.

## CHAPTER V.—Fontenoy Finds An Ally.

The troopers under Colonel Barron were accustomed to obey all orders in the promptest manner, and in the face of all dangers. A larger apple tree stood in the center of the garden, and under it the four troopers dragged Fontenoy Farrell, one of them holding his hand on the brave young fellow's mouth so that he could not call out to his fighting comrades on the road. The boys of the Irish Brigade drove their foes before them at the first onset, forcing them back in front of the tavern, but Colonel Barron rallied his men right gallantly and they made a brave stand. The Dutch troopers under Captain Held rode out from the stable at the same time, and set on with stubborn courage, as if eager to show their English allies they could rely on them in the coming campaign. The stout opposition thus encountered seemed to madden the lads of the Irish Brigade, and they pressed on with redoubled fury, shouting their fierce native war-cries with a vim that was only equalled by their resistless and deadly blows. The Dutch troopers could not stand that fierce onslaught, and they broke and fled in dismay, bearing their captain with them. On pressed the furious boys of the Irish Brigade, and back

before them reeled their ancient foes. In the meantime Fontenoy Farrell was suffering tortures in the hands of his enemies. The brave young fellow could feel the rope around his neck, he could hear the mad shouts of his gallant friends as they forced back their stubborn foes, and he could imagine the anguish of his poor mother in that scene of strife. The young scout felt the rope tightening around his neck as he swung from the limb of the tree, and he struggled in a frantic manner, in the hope of bursting the cords on his arms, as he groaned to himself: "Oh, it is awful to die thus, and my gallant friends driving the enemy before them. Heaven send me relief very soon or I'll choke."

As if in answer to his prayer, a form glided out from behind the apple tree at the moment, a gleaming steel flashed against the rope above his head, and a friendly voice rang in his ear, crying:

"You must not die thus, brave young man."

The speaker was the young man who had been taken for the scout, and who escaped from the troopers during the excitement of the onset. Fontenoy Farrell dropped on the ground at first, while the young man hastened to take the rope from his neck as he continued:

"Rouse yourself and join in the fray with your gallant comrades, who are now driving the savage hounds before them."

"May Heaven forget me if I ever forget you, my good friend."

"That was nothing to do. Let us hasten to join in the fray, and strike a blow or two at the cruel English dogs."

And right into the height of the conflict dashed Fontenoy Farrell with his young preserver by his side, striking and shouting with the best of the gallant lads:

"One more dash, boys, and we will break through them," cried the Irish leader, who was a powerful man, and who was known in the brigade as Fighting O'Falvey. The boys of the Irish Brigade did make a last furious dash, and pell-mell before them went the English horsemen. Young Bronson entered into the spirit of the contest as if fighting for dear itself, pressing on in the hope of encountering Colonel Barron, while he muttered:

"Would that I could cross swords with that black wretch, and I would pay him for his cruel treatment."

The young stranger did manage to fight his way right to the front of the English colonel, and he struck at him with great fury, crying:

"Have at you now, you cruel dog!"

Colonel Barron recognized the voice of his youthful assailant, and he parried the fierce cut with great skill, as he cried:

"Ha, young spy, and so you have escaped to fight with the enemy?"

As the Englishman spoke he made a desperate slash in turn, and the career of the young stranger would have closed forever if Fontenoy Farrell had not pushed between them, as he said:

"Not this time."

Fontenoy Farrell then wheeled his horse to face the English officer, when the men of the Irish Brigade burst in on them, and Colonel Barron was forced back with his flying and

demoralized troopers, which is a little while he was able to rally. Captain Held rode back on the road at the moment as he cried aloud:

"Three companies of your regiment to the rescue, Colonel Barron."

Captain O'Falvey heard the enemy's bugle blast also, and though he was one of the greatest dare-devils in the Irish Brigade, he called a halt in the pursuit, crying:

"They are coming at us in force, boys, and I have orders to fall back in that event. Retreat in good order, and load again."

They were galloping back at full speed at the time, and Fontenoy looked eagerly around to discover his new friend, as he cried aloud:

"Where's the brave lad who cut me down from the tree where I was hanging?"

There was no response to the question, while Captain O'Falvey cried:

"At the double quick, lads as they run after us, in full force now."

The English troopers under Colonel Barron were pressing on in overpowering numbers, while about a mile after them swept the rest of his regiment. The English horsemen were pushing forward to seize the village of Fontenoy, and their gallant colonel was also eager to avenge himself on the men of the Irish Brigade for his late defeat. The young scout soon discovered that he had a splendid horse under him, and he pushed on at full speed, thinking the while of his mother and of the brave young stranger, as he said to himself:

"I must take mother back with us, and I trust in goodness the brave lad did not fall in the strife, as I hope to repay him for his kind act ere long."

The young scout did succeed in bearing his mother away from the tavern on one of the English horses captured near the village, and the clergyman accompanied them on a steed taken in the same manner. On reaching a shelter in the village the clergyman drew Fontenoy aside and asked:

"What has become of the young stranger?"

"I fear that he has fallen into the hands of the English, sir, as when I last saw him he was pressing on in the pursuit."

"Did you know the youth?"

"I did not, sir, but I am most anxious to serve him if possible."

"I know the youth, and it is your duty to serve him."

"Pray, who is he, sir?"

"That young man is Prince Charles Stuart, known in England as the Pretender, but who is the rightful heir to the throne of Great Britain."

"Is it possible, sir?"

"It is the truth, as certain as there is a Heaven above us. If the noble young man is discovered by the English general he will be put to death, and you must save him."

Fontenoy Farrell did not wait to hear much more, as he darted off to seek an interview with his colonel. In less than a quarter of an hour afterward the dashing young scout was riding out of his native village with five picked men of the regiment, and they were all mounted on splendid horses. The leader of the party was Fighting O'Falvey, while Fontenoy Farrell was the guide and scout. The young scout had con-

fided the secret to his colonel only, and none of those with him knew that they were going in quest of the rightful heir to the throne of England. The young man calling himself Gilbert Bronson was actually a prisoner in the hands of the English. When Captain O'Falvey called his men off from the pursuit the young stranger found that he could not check the good horse under him, and he was borne right into the ranks of the enemy before could control the animal. He was then made prisoner and conveyed back to the tavern under a guard, Colonel Barron not having time to deal with him while pursuing the retreating horsemen of the Irish Brigade. On striving in turn to retreat from Fontenoy, the English colonel did not halt his regiment until he reached the tavern where his young prisoner was confined. Feeling in a very disgusted mood, the English officer soon turned his attention to his prisoner, crying:

"And now, you knave, we will deal with you! Can you deny that you were taken with arms in your hand fighting against us?"

"I do not deny that I was fighting against you."

"Fighting against me, you young scoundrel? What do you mean by that expression?"

"I mean that I sought an encounter with you, in order to avenge myself on you for the gross insults you had offered me when I was a helpless prisoner in your hands. I then told you that you were mistaken in taking me for a spy, and even when you ascertained the truth, you still insulted me by keeping me a prisoner. You are a miserable wretch, and a disgrace to your profession."

The enraged officer drew back, stamping his foot the while as he cried:

"Out with the knave and hang him to the nearest tree, and be certain that you make a sure job of it this time, as I am now assured that the fellow is a French spy. Away with him, and not another word."

The soldiers dragged the young man out of the tavern, and he was soon standing in the very spot where he had rescued Fontenoy Farrell.

## CHAPTER VI.—Could they rescue the prince

Charles Edward Stuart was the heroic grandson of the most cowardly king that ever reigned on the throne of England. The cowardly king was dethroned and driven out of England by a Dutch prince who was his own son-in-law, and the Stuarts never reigned there after. The son of the miserable king made several attempts to recover his throne, and so did the young man who was taken prisoner by Colonel Barron near Fontenoy on that stormy night. Bonnie Prince Charley, as he was called by some of his followers, was adored by a large number of the people of Scotland. He was a great favorite with Irish exiles in the service of France, and he had a great number of friends in England who would gladly see him on his grandfather's throne. When the war broke out between France and England young Charley Stuart was residing in a small town in Flanders, and he was on his way to the French camp in disguise when he was taken as a spy by the English troopers. While

dressed in the garb of a Flemish peasant he did bear a very close resemblance to young Fontenoy Farrell when the young scout was arrayed in similar garments. When the young prisoner was first taken Captain Held saw him in the hands of his captors, and it was that jealous officer who had informed Colonel Barron that he had secured the boldest scout and spy in the French army. Very soon after sending the young man out to execution, Colonel Barron regretted his hasty action, as something whispered to him that he was dealing with a person of some importance. He then sent a messenger out to stop the hanging, and ordered the prisoner to be safely guarded. The English colonel was then about to rest for a few hours, when one of his men appeared in the tavern, announcing the arrival of a messenger from the French camp bearing a flag of truce. Colonel Barron ordered that the messenger should be conducted to him, and Captain O'Falvey was soon standing in the tavern before his late antagonist.

"Colonel Barron, I was sent to offer you terms regarding a prisoner you took to-night."

"What prisoner do you allude to, sir?"

"I allude to a young man whom you arrested to-night as a spy, and who is called Gilbert Bronson."

"Well, sir, what about him?"

"I was sent to tell you by my colonel that we took a captain of yours prisoner to-night, and we are ready to exchange him for the young man at once, if you are willing to do it."

"It appears to me, sir, that you and your colonel are very ignorant of the rules of war."

"By my faith, sir, we don't study the rules much, but we are not very much backward in the practice, as you may judge from what you saw to-night."

"You did not wait for a second, or you might have a different story to tell."

"On my honor, sir, I would be delighted to give you a round or two every night, or day, for that matter, but I had my orders to fall back when meeting more than two to one against us. That is not here or there, however. Will you exchange the young man for Captain Travers?"

"I regret that I cannot grant your modest request. The fact of your coming here for him with such an offer demonstrates that he is a spy, and—"

"On the honor of a soldier, Colonel Barron," interrupted the Irishman, "I swear that he is not a spy."

"Does your colonel know who he is?"

"I suppose he does, or he would not take the trouble to send me here after him."

"Tell your colonel that I decline to exchange prisoners. I will now bid you good-night, or good-morning, rather, and I trust that we may soon meet on horseback again."

Fighting O'Falvey then retreated from the tavern, and he was led away outside the English lines. Colonel Barron at once ordered the young prisoner to be brought before him. When they were alone in the bar-room, the cunning officer drew near his prisoner with a knowing smile on his face, and addressed him in confidential tones, as he said to him:

"And so I have a person of some importance to deal with in you, sir?"

"I am of no importance to any save my own family, yet I trust that I will be able to repay you for your insults ere long."

"You are a very modest young man, but you are not a good actor. If you desire to keep your indentivity concealed, you should not have made yourself known to your Irish friends to-night."

"I was not aware that I had any Irish friends. Will you tell me who you allude to?"

"I allude to those whom you fought with to-night. It is folly or your part to deny who you are, as I am already aware of it."

"If you know who I am, Colonel Barron, why question me on the subject? I solemnly assure you that I do not know any of the men I charged with to-night. Be also pleased to remember that I did not strike a blow in that charge except when I strove to cut you down."

"Whoever you may be, sir, remember that I defy you. I will take you before the Duke of Cumberland in the morning and he will deal with you."

Finding that he could not make much out of his prisoner Colonel Barron dismissed him again, giving special orders that he should be strictly guarded. While the interview was taking place a pair of prying eyes were peering in at them from the back window, and when the disguised prince was led away to one of the deserted cottages near the tavern those eyes still followed him, while the owner of them muttered to himself, saying:

"Can we save the prince before he is recognized? Of course we can, and we will do it too, as sure as my name is Fontenoy Farrell."

As the bold young spy thus muttered he stole away into the little garden, keeping his eyes fixed on the cottage where the prisoner was confined. Fontenoy Farrell, then moved cautiously toward the rear of the cottage, and soon found himself peering in at a small window. He could then perceive Prince Charley seated near a table, with his arms still bound behind him, while two of the dragoons were stretched on rude benches near him, and dozing away as if weary. The bold young scout could see that the prince was wide awake, and that he was in a thoughtful mood. After watching and listening for some time, Fontenoy raised the window a little and commenced to whistle, in a very low key, an old Scotch air which was very popular with the followers of Prince Charley. Fontenoy continued to whistle the air, and the prince turned his eyes toward the window as he asked, in a very low voice:

"Is there a friend near?"

Fontenoy did not answer in words, but he changed the air on the instant and commenced another, which served to tell the prince that he had a faithful friend at hand who was ready to serve him. While the daring scout continued to whistle the second air, the prisoner glanced at the dragoons again, and he turned his bound arms to the window, as if to say:

"If the cords were cut, I would be with you."

The appeal was not lost on Fontenoy. Gliding in through the window, and drawing forth a large knife at the same time, he approached the prince as he whispered to him:

"Nor a word, sir, but follow me."

The cords were soon cut, and then Fontenoy stole back to the window as he whispered:

"Move with great caution."

Before the daring scout could reach the window the cottage door was flung open and Colonel Barron strode in, crying:

"What is this?"

Fontenoy Farrell saw on the instant that they could not escape through the window, and he turned to the prince, crying:

"Seize a sword and out with me."

As the brave fellow spoke he made a dash for one of the dragoons' swords lying on the table, and then aimed a blow at Colonel Barron. The astonished officer did not have time to draw his own weapon when he was hurled to the floor. The young scout then dashed out of the door, as he cried to the prince:

"Follow me."

The sentinel outside was on the alert when Fontenoy sprang out, and he pressed his bayonet at him, as he cried:

"Who comes there?"

The young scout struck the weapon aside with a sweep of the saber, as he answered:

"A foe, of course. Clear the way for the boys of the Irish Brigade."

That sentinel did clear the way in short order, as another sweep of the saber stretched him on the ground, and then over him sprang Fontenoy, followed by the fugitive prince.

Colonel Barron was not injured by the blow he had received, and he was soon on his feet again, and rushing from the cottage, also crying:

"Treachery in our lines! Guard all the roads and paths! Pursue the fugitives, and to horse!"

Almost on the instant all was dire confusion in the village. On striking down the sentinel before the cottage the young scout seized Prince Charley by the right arm and drew him toward the little garden in the rear as he said to him in low tones:

"Come with me, and run as fast as you can if you would escape."

Charley pressed the hand of his brave friend as he responded:

"A million thanks, my gallant friend! And do you know me?"

"Never mind about that now, sir. Let us use legs and not our tongues, as the swords may have to work lively before we have time for explanations."

## CHAPTER VII.—Saddles and sword for it

Prince Charley was an active young man, and he did press on with his brave friend with great speed. Dashing through the little garden, they soon reached the edge of the wood, and then Fontenoy drew up a little to listen, saying:

"They are after us, horse and foot, but we have some friends near that can use the sword in fine style on a pinch."

"Where are your friends, my gallant friends?"

"On here in the wood, sir. Push on now again, as the rascals behind us are coming fast on us."

On through the wood they dashed again, with their pursuers yelling behind them, while along the road, as if to cut them off from the village of Fontenoy, galloped Colonel Barron with a

strong force of his enraged dragoons, all eager to slay the daring spy who had so bravely defied them. Fighting O'Falvey heard the commotion along the road as he waited with his companions at the other end of the wood, and he turned to them, saying:

"By the great gun of Athlone, but that devil of a scout is up to some mischief in the village, and he will give us some work in the bargain."

"Could he have the face to attempt the rescue of the prisoner alone, captain?" asked one of the men, as they heard the cries of the pursuing dragoons drawing nearer in the wood.

"He has the pluck for anything, and here he comes now with someone."

Fontenoy dashed out on them at the moment still holding the prince by the hand, as he cried to his expectant friends:

"I have got him, lads, and now to mount and away, ere they eat us up."

"Bravo for you, my lads," replied Fighting O'Falvey. "Who comes here?"

Four of the dragoons on foot were rushing out of the wood after the fugitives at the moment, and Fontenoy at once turned on them as he cried:

"They are foes, and at them, friends!"

The other lads of the brigade were mounted at the time, and they at once made a dash at the dragoons, Fontenoy leading the way. The English believed that they assailed by a much stronger force, and they beat a hasty retreat back into the wood without waiting to exchange blows, yelling for succor at the same time. Fond as he was of fighting, Captain O'Falvey called back his men, saying:

"Our enemies are out on the road before us in force, and mounted as well, and we must look to them. To the saddle, all of you, and then for the sword."

Young Fontenoy hastened to mount the prince on a spare horse as he said to him:

"Your name is still Gilbert Bronson, if you like, sir, and look to yourself well."

When they were all mounted and ready for the road, Fighting O'Falvey turned to the young scout, saying:

"You know all the roads and paths around here, of course, my lad?"

"I do captain."

"We will have to take main road back to the village of Fontenoy?"

"We can make a wide detour through the wood back of us here, Captain O'Falvey."

"How many miles would that be out the way, think you, fy lad?"

"Six at least, sir."

Fighting O'Falvey knew that Colonel Barron had a strong force to oppose them out on the road leading to Fontenoy, yet he said:

"That way will never do, and we must slash through the rascals out there for it. Keep together, my lads, and we'll out at them."

The word was quietly given, and out toward the road moved the little party. They soon gained the high-road, and the rain was falling in torrents again. Colonel Barron and his party had ridden some distance to cut off the fugitives, when the cries of the dragoons in the wood caused them to halt and turn back. As the lads of

the Irish Brigade rode on with the poor prince, their enemies dashed back against them, Colonel Barron crying:

"Charge on the rascals and give them the sword. Spare the prisoner and the spy."

One glance at the on-coming foe told Fighting O'Falvey that he was outnumbered as four to one, at least; yet he did not pause a moment, but set spurs to his horse, grasping sword and pistol as he yelled aloud at the top of his voice:

"One volley with the pistols, and at them with the steel, lads! Charge for France and dear old Ireland, my brave boys!"

Even as Fighting Falvey was sending forth his war cry he was in among his foes. Right on with their gallant leader pressed the others at a full gallop, and so impetuous was the onset that they burst through the English dragoons without receiving a serious wound. Then on spurred the Irish lads, shouting back defiance at their enemies, and Fontenoy Farrell still rode beside the prince, as the latter cried:

"That was bravely done, indeed."

"And may we soon charge with you in better style even, good sir," responded Fontenoy, in joyful tones: "Now for our camp," and off went the Irish Brigade.

"Ride faster and faster, boys!" cried Fighting O'Falvey, "or we will have to wheel and face the rogues at great odds again."

"And 'tis little you'd care for that same odds," remarked one of his men to the comrade beside him, "if you had only yourself to think about."

Fighting O'Falvey did turn in his saddle again at the moment, crying:

"Draw back your men, Colonel Barron, and I'll fight it out with yourself for the honor of the good land that bore us."

"Press on, press on, and they are ours," was the English colonel's reply.

Captain O'Falvey saw that the enemy would be in on them in a few minutes and he was about to give the order to wheel and charge back at them, when a bugle blast rang out on the road ahead of them, and he sent up a shout of joy ere he cried:

"Friends to the rescue, my brave boys. Now we will see if they'll stand and fight us with equal numbers, or turn and fly."

Colonel Barron heard the bugle blast also, and he knew from it that other foes were coming at him. Yet on in the pursuit he pressed, yelling:

"One good dash, and we'll crush the insolent rascals ere we retreat."

At that exciting moment, when brave friends were drawing near, Fontenoy Farrell's horse stumbled and he fell under him, and the daring young scout was flung into the ditch at the side of the road. On swept Prince Charley and the Irish horsemen, and the English were down on Fontenoy before his friends could even wheel about to rescue him.

Colonel Barron then called a halt, and gave orders to secure the fallen youth, while he cast a glance along at his foes ere he cried:

"We must retreat now, as we will be overpowered. Who have you there?"

"It is the young spy, colonel," answered one of the dragoons who had dismounted to secure the half stunned young scout. A cry of joy burst

from the English colonel as he turned his horse to retreat, exclaiming:

"Bring him along and ride at full speed. I swore to hang him, and I will keep my oath!"

And back dashed the English dragoons, with brave Fontenoy as their prisoner. Then back after them rode Fighting O'Falvey and a score of his men, their leader crying:

"To the rescue of our dashing scout, boys!"

## CHAPTER VIII.—Mustering for the battle.

It was morning in the village of Fontenoy, and all the French troops intending to give battle to the allied armies were on the march. At the dawn of day the inhabitants of the peaceful village were notified to leave their homes, as the French officers declared it more than probable that the main struggle would center in and around that place. Mrs. Farrell and Emma Held did not sleep a wink on the previous night, as they were anxious about the fate of young Fontenoy. A little before the break of day, Captain O'Falvey and the young stranger calling himself Gilbert Bronson paid a visit to the anxious woman and Emma at the friend's house where they were stopping. On casting a first glance on the young stranger, Mrs. Farrell gave a joyous cry of welcome, believing that he was Fontenoy, and bitter was the disappointment when Captain O'Falvey informed her that her brave young son was a prisoner in the hands of the English. A deep groan escaped from Mrs. Farrell as well as from the young girl, while the good-hearted soldier tried to cheer them by saying:

"But don't despair about Fontenoy, madam, as the dear lad has great luck, and he will be sure to give them the slip in time to join us in the great battle coming on."

After while the good-natured Irish officer hastened away and Prince Charley remained with the two women. The noble young prince was in a very peculiar position at the time. Although he was beloved by the officers and men of the Irish Brigade, and feeling assured of a warm welcome from the French king and General Saxe, he had decided not to make himself known to them, and he had requested the Irish colonel to maintain his secret. With the exception of that Irish colonel, the clergyman, Mrs. Farrell and Emma, no one in Fontenoy or in the French army was aware that the rightful heir to the English throne was in the vicinity. Mrs. Farrell and Emma Held had been informed by the old clergyman of the true rank of the disguised prince, and when they found themselves alone with him they became very nervous in the presence of one who may one day become the actual king of England. Prince Charley addressed them in very kindly tones, however, saying:

"My dear ladies, I cannot tell you how much I have become attached to the noble youth who has faced death in my behalf. If you go to the English camp in his behalf I beg leave to accompany you."

Mrs. Farrell and Emma both started at the proposition, and the former exclaimed:

"Noble sir, you know not what you say!

Think of the consequences to you if you should be recognized by your English enemies."

"Your brave son did not think of the consequences when he ventured into the English camp in my behalf, and I would be a coward, indeed, if I hesitated to hasten to his aid. Be kind enough to remember that I am not a prince at present, and that my name is Gilbert Bronson."

Before Mrs. Farrell could offer any further remonstrances the distinguished prince hastened away to seek the Irish colonel who knew his secret, and whom he soon prevailed on to procure him a pass out of the French lines. Fearing that some of the inhabitants of Fontenoy may give information to the French enemy, the French general ordered them to retire behind the French lines, and Mrs. Farrell and her friends alone were permitted to proceed in the direction of the English camp. When Fontenoy Farrell was flung into the ditch by the stumbling horse he received a shock that rendered him insensible for a time. The horse was soon on his feet again, while two of the English troopers hastened to fling the insensible lad on his back. As they dashed back toward the village two of the English riders held his limp form on the horse for awhile, but when they broke into the advancing column Colonel Barron called a halt, and the troopers strapped their victim on the back of the animal. On reaching the tavern from which they had started out the English colonel ordered his prisoner to be placed under a strong guard, saying:

"After a few hours' rest we will deal with the young dog as he deserves."

When the troopers attempted to lift Fontenoy from the horse they found that his body was quite stiff, while his face, which was fearfully disfigured with mud and blood, presented all the appearance of death. One of the troopers at once hastened to Colonel Barron, saying:

"Colonel, the prisoner is dead."

"Are you quite certain of that?"

"We are quite certain, colonel, as his body is quite stiff, and there is not a breath of life in it."

"Then fling the dog's carcass into a ditch, and he has saved the hangman a job in the morning."

The rough troopers did fling Fontenoy into a ditch without much ceremony, and they then hastened away to rest before the battle. The dashing young scout had received a severe shock, but he was neither dead nor insensible when the troopers flung him into the ditch. When all was quiet around him Fontenoy raised his head a little, drew a flask from his pocket and drank some of the contents ere he muttered to himself:

"That was a narrow escape, and it was fortunate that I thought of playing dead. Now, to steal away from here and then to get back to the camp."

The young fellow managed to crawl out of the ditch and into the little garden at the side of the tavern, but he soon found that his limbs trembled under him, and he took another swig out of the bottle, looking carefully around at the same time, as he said to himself:

"I can never get back without a horse, and the road to Fontenoy is packed with English dragoons now. The great battle will soon be fought, and I must have a hand in it."

The weary youth then drew back into the garden with the intention of skirting around through the wood, and then crossing the country on foot until he passed the advanced lines of the enemy. His tottering limbs refused to serve him, however, and he was soon compelled to lie down in the shelter of some bushes, groaning in agony the while. Extreme weariness soon overpowered the strong and active lad, and he sank into a sound and refreshing slumber. When Fontenoy Farrell awoke again he could perceive that the day was well advanced, and that there was a great stir around the tavern and out on the road leading to his native village. From his position behind the bush Fontenoy could note those in and around the tavern, and he soon discovered that the place was no longer held by Colonel Barron's troopers, as a party of foot soldiers were preparing to march from thence at the time.

Feeling the blood and mud on his face, the young scout stole to a pool of water in the garden as he muttered to himself:

"I must have something to eat before I start on the journey, and the soldiers in here will not recognize me now."

Having cleansed his face and hands at the pool, Fontenoy pulled his hat down over the slight saber cut and strode boldly toward the tavern, still muttering:

"Old Hans will not betray me, and I must have some food, as I am famishing."

The English soldiers in and around the tavern took little or no notice of the rough peasant when he entered the place, and the landlord did not betray him, although he recognized the youth almost on the instant. Having nourished himself with bread, cheese and wine, the daring scout was about to leave the tavern again, when he drew back from the door with a start and a gasp as he mentally exclaimed:

"May the fiends seize me if there ain't Frank Held with mother and Emma and Prince Charley himself. How in the furies did they get here, when I thought they were all safe in the French camp?"

Dismayed as he was by the sudden appearance of his friends and foe on the road outside, the young scout soon recovered his presence of mind, and he retreated into the tavern, uttering a few warning words in the French tongue to the old landlord at the same time. Old Hans nodded in approval and pointed to the door leading upstairs. Fontenoy had scarcely gained the stairs when Captain Frank Held, with a gleam of triumph on his sinister countenance, led Mrs. Farrell and Emma into the tavern, followed by the disguised prince. After leading the two women to a table, the young officer approached the landlord and made some inquiries. He then returned to the anxious woman and young girl again, saying:

"I am sorry to inform you that Fontenoy is dead."

Captain Held then went on to inform them of the fate of the young scout, as reported by the British troopers, and he concluded by saying:

"His body was flung into the ditch on the side of the road there, and it is believed that it was taken away and buried by some of the peasants in the neighborhood at the break of day."

While Captain Held was still striving to console Mrs. Farrell, a large party of horsemen

drew up outside the tavern. The landlord was hastening to receive his new guests, when a large, distinguished-looking officer strode into the apartment, followed by several of his aides. The disguised prince had taken his seat in a secluded corner of the room, and when he looked up at the officer a slight shudder passed over his frame, while he mentally exclaimed:

"It is the Duke of Cumberland! If I am recognized now, an ignominious death will be my doom."

## CHAPTER IX.—The Prince In Danger Again.

One glance at the features of the man, who is known in history as the Bloody Duke of Cumberland, was sufficient to tell that he was one who would not show any mercy to his foes. Keen and searching were the glances that the English general cast around the room as Captain Held advanced to salute him, saying:

"Noble duke, my friends here have just arrived from the village of Fontenoy, and they report that the enemy were in possession of the place and in great force."

The haughty duke flung himself on a chair as he responded:

"Your friends come too late with their information, sir. Why are they here?"

"They are in search of the body of a relative who was serving with the French, and who was killed in a fray last night, general."

The Duke of Cumberland's eyes were fixed on the distinguished prince at the moment, and he asked:

"Who is this person?"

"That is a young man who was arrested last evening as a spy by Colonel Barron. He was rescued by the French, and he has now returned within our lines with those ladies, who are relatives of mine, noble duke."

Prince Charley felt the keen eyes of the duke on him, and he then remembered that the cruel man had encountered him in Paris about two years before. At that moment the Duke of Cumberland suddenly arose from his seat, and advanced toward the disguised prince as he demanded:

"What is your name, sir?"

Speaking in husky tones, so as to disguise his natural voice as much as possible, Prince Charley arose from his seat as he answered:

"Gilbert Bronson, sir."

The duke kept his keen eyes fixed on the young man as he continued:

"Are you a native of this place?"

"I am a resident of Brussels, sir."

"Why did you leave the French lines to return here after your escape?"

"I came to serve those ladies in searching for a friend, and I did not fear to return into your lines because I am not engaged in the warfare on either side."

At that moment, and to the great dismay of Prince Charley and the two women Colonel Barron walked into the tavern with hasty strides, crying:

"Noble Duke of Cumberland, I am the bearer of important information. Will you be pleased to grant me a private interview?"

The speaker's eyes fell on the disguised prince, and he cried:

"Are you in our lines again, sirrah? Did you not escape with the Irish rebels last night?"

Prince Charley regarded the brutal colonel with indignant eyes as he replied, in surly tones: "I will not answer any questions from you, sir, in the presence of your commanding general."

Colonel Barron at once turned to the Duke of Cumberland, exclaiming:

"That fellow is a spy, noble duke, and he is of some importance, as the French sent me a flag of truce for his exchange last night. He escaped thereafter, with the aid of a daring young spy, who was afterward slain."

"Then see that the fellow is well secured now, as we have no time to waste on him at present. I am ready to hear your important information, colonel."

The general and his officer then withdrew into a back room, while Colonel Barron had his former prisoner placed under guard. A sign of relief escaped from the young prince as the Duke of Cumberland disappeared, while he said to himself:

"He has not recognized me as yet, and I can breathe more freely. I was mad to venture into the English lines again, but I could not refrain from hastening to the aid of my daring young friend. Thank fortune that he is alive and free."

When the consultation was over the English general gave orders to those around him to push on toward Fontenoy as fast as possible, and he directed Captain Held to take charge of the prisoner and bring him along with him. Mrs. Farrell requested Captain Held to allow her and Emma to remain at the tavern, and the young officer consented, knowing right well that he would not have much time for love-making or marriage until after the great battle was decided. Before the last of the English troops passed along, Fontenoy Farrell was embracing his mother and Emma in one of the upper rooms, while he was saying to them:

"I must get away now, as I would never forgive myself if I missed the great battle. Besides, I must strive to rescue the noble young prince, as certain death awaits him if he is recognized."

The anxious mother did not attempt to prevent her son from joining his regiment in time for the great battle, but she did protest against his attempting to rescue the young prince again, saying:

"Have you lost your senses, Fontenoy? Captain Held has charge of the young gentleman now, and he will be certain to recognize you if you go near him."

In order to allay his mother's anxieties, the young scout assented that he would make his way to the French lines without attempting to succor the prince again, and he also advised her and Emma to hasten away to another village as soon as possible, saying:

"If the English and Dutch are defeated in the coming battle, as I feel certain that they will be, Frank Held will seek you here again on the retreat, and then the rascal will force Emma here to marry him."

Mrs. Farrell promised to obey the advice thus given after they had rested a few hours, and

Fontenoy hastened away from the tavern on a horse borrowed from the friendly landlord. Striking into a side road, in order to avoid the English stragglers, the young scout pushed on as fast as the heavy animal would bear him. Although Fontenoy had promised his mother that he would leave the young prince to his fate for the present, the inclination to serve and rescue the noble youth grew stronger and stronger on him as he rode along, and several plans occurred to his mind for effecting that object. And Prince Charley was in great danger, indeed. The Dutch contingent under the Duke of Cumberland marched to take up a position in front of the village of St. Antione, which was held by the French, with orders to commence the assault on the enemy's lines early on the following morning. It was close toward evening when Captain Held and his troops rejoined the Dutch force, which was encamped near a wood on the banks of the Scheld. Before the night closed around the hostile camps a young officer attached to the Duke of Cumberland's staff rode into the Dutch camp with fresh orders, and while riding along by one of the bivouac fires he noticed the prisoner under guard. Prince Charley raised his eyes at the moment and a slight exclamation escaped from him as he recognized the young officer, with whom he had been somewhat intimate in his younger days. Without pretending to recognize the prince, the young aide rode on until he encountered Captain Held, of whom he made some inquiries. The young officer rode to the English camp as fast as his horse would bear him, and he then hastened to inform the Duke of Cumberland of the important discovery he had made. The young prince soon regained his courage, and knowing full well that a guard would soon arrive from the English headquarters to bear him before the duke, he kept muttering to himself: "I must trust to the friendly river and not to the mercy of my enemies."

While he was still tugging away at the cords the tramping of horses' feet could be heard in the direction of the English camp, and then a loud voice rang out on the evening air, crying: "Captain Held, look well to your prisoner."

It was Colonel Barron who uttered the cry as he dashed toward the bivouac fire at the head of a strong troop of horses, and Prince Charley knew that the brutal officer had come to drag him before the English general. Rising to his feet and making a desperate effort at the same time, the hunted prince freed his arms, and then he made a desperate bound for the sluggish river. The Dutch troopers around him sent forth a cry of alarm, and attempted to stay his flight, but the gallant youth reached the river-bank and plunged in, as he cried aloud:

"Better death in the water than on the scaffold."

Colonel Barron heard the outcry as he dashed up to the camp-fire, and he pushed his horse on to the river bank, yelling:

"In after him, you clown, and drag him out! His capture will count more than a victory over the French for King George of England."

Five or six of the Dutch troopers did plunge into the river, while Colonel Barron kept crying out to those on the bank:

"Don't fire on the fugitive when he appears, as he must be taken alive. Flash out torches

and be on the alert, Captain Held, as your prisoner is a person of great importance."

Captain Held had just arrived on the scene, and he was dreadfully mortified at the escape of one whom he had orders to guard so carefully. Colonel Barron sprang from his horse and strode down the river bank, with his eyes fixed on the dark water, as he muttered aloud:

"Why did I not recognize him?—and then my fortune would be secured forever. The mad young fool does not appear again, and he must have perished in the water. Oh, what a fate for the last of the Stuarts!"

Young as Prince Charley was at the time, he had been under careful training for the adventurous life that was before him. Among his other accomplishments, the gallant young fellow was an excellent swimmer, and he could remain under water as long as any expert swimmer in the country. Before the torches were flashing out over the river the fugitive did raise his head for a moment in order to draw breath, as well as to make observations. In that brief space of time, and while the current was bearing him down the stream, he could perceive a dense mass of rushes along the edge of the bank some distance below. Lowering his head again Prince Charley struck out for the rushes with all his might as he muttered to himself:

"There is hope yet, and I will escape my enemies if fortune favors me."

The plucky young prince did succeed in gaining the friendly rushes, and he waded in among them without attracting the attention of his pursuers, who were then searching along the shore above him, while several boats were also engaged in the pursuit on the river. After drawing a long breath the hunted prince peered out into the dark wood lining the river, as he said to himself:

"If I could but slip out there without being perceived, I may manage to escape around to the French camp before morning."

The young prince had no sooner conceived the idea then he hastened to put it into execution. Drawing himself out on the bank he crawled across the path on his hands and knees, and he reached the shelter of the wood without being perceived by his enemies. So silent were his movements that he did not attract the attention of a person who was standing near the edge of a wood until he ran full against him. The stranger turned at once and clutched the prince by the throat, flinging him to the ground as he hissed into his ear:

"I'll soon silence you, whoever you are."

The prince recognized the voice on the instant and he rejoined:

"Peace, I pray you, Fontenoy Farrell, as I at your friend, Gilbert Bronson."

#### CHAPTER X.—Struggling Through the Enemy's Lines.

Springing up from the ground to where he had flung himself, the young scout drew the fugitive up with him, as he whispered into his ear:

"A thousand pardons, sir, but I swear that I took you for one of those Dutch troopers in the dark."

Fontenoy then drew the prince into the wood, keeping a sharp lookout before him at the same time, as he continued in subdued tones:

"You had a narrow escape, sir. Have they discovered who you are?"

"I fear they have."

Prince Charley then went on to tell of his meeting with the young officer, and of the hasty arrival of Colonel Barron in the Dutch camp, and he continued, saying:

"Could we not make a detour around the English camp to the left here?"

"We could, but we would then run as much risk from falling in with stragglers as by pushing straight ahead."

"Would it be possible to reach your camp by taking to the river?"

"It would be impossible to swim or dive up against the current, and a boat would be riddled if we could even find one."

"Well, my good friend, we can but be taken or die in any case, and we will push on by any route you may think best."

The young scout knew that the Dutch encampment lay right in front of them, and he determined to push straight on with his companion. While walking along through the wood as silently as possible, keeping a bright watch ahead and around him, the young scout pondered over the various stratagems he had ever heard of being put in force by the daring spies endeavoring to penetrate an enemy's camp. The prince followed a few steps behind, and they soon heard the measured tread of a sentinel some paces ahead of them. At that same moment a shout of alarm rang out from the bullrushes which had afforded shelter to the young prince. Then out through the wood behind them flashed several torches, while a well-known voice could be heard crying:

"The prisoner gained a landing by the rushes here, as his footprints can be seen. Scatter through the wood in force and take him dead or alive. Fifty gold pieces for the man who first discovers him."

Drawing the young prince into the shelter of some thick bushes Fontenoy Farrell whispered to him, saying:

"We cannot remain here inactive very long, and I have a proposition to make."

"What is it, my brave friend?"

"I propose, inasmuch as there is some resemblance between us and that we are both dressed alike, for me to make a dash through the camp, and run the gantlet as it were. When I have either escaped or am taken you can push down to the river, as they will not be on the lookout for you then. You may readily escape by swimming across and—"

"I will not listen to such a proposition," interrupted the gallant young prince. "You would be certain to be shot or captured while making a dash through the Dutch lines in front of us, and you must not sacrifice yourself for me. I have something better to offer."

"What is it, sir?"

"Let us both dash forward together and trust to fortune."

Fontenoy Farrell pondered a few moments over the proposal, the sounds of pursuit growing nearer and nearer every instant."

Then turning to the prince, he grabbed his

hand, saying: "Steal forward with me and we will see what can be done."

They soon gained the edge of the bushes, and, peering out, Fontenoy could see that the whole German camp was on the alert, part of armed men hastening therefrom to join in the pursuit in the wood behind them. The sentinel was pacing to and fro within a dozen paces of them, and Fortenoy could see that his eyes were turned in the direction where they were lying concealed. Noting well the movements of the sentinel, and motioning to his companion to hold back in the bushes, the young scout crawled out toward the enemy, as he said to himself:

"I must silence this fellow, and then secure his gun, his clothes and the password."

Then sentinel was on the alert, and he soon perceived a creeping object moving toward him.

"Who comes there, or is it only a swine?"

Taking the hint, the young scout sent forth a grunt or two, still drawing closer to the sentinel.

"What a daring youth! I trust that he will not slay the soldier in bold blood, even though it may be necessary to save our lives. Ah, he is at him now!"

And Fortenoy was at the poor sentinel with tremendous force and fury. Before the man could utter a single cry the dashing scout had him by the throat, felling him to the ground almost at the same moment. The soldier was still grasping his weapon, but he was powerless to use it, when Fontenoy commenced to drag him toward the bushes, as he hissed into his ear in the Dutch tongue:

"Be silent, or you are a dead man. Offer no resistance, and you will be safe."

Life was very sweet even to the poor Dutch soldier, and the startled fellow did not make any resistance. The prince hastened to assist young Fontenoy in securing his prisoner, by tying their scarfs and handkerchiefs over his mouth, legs, and arms, dragging his uniform off at the same time. When the prisoner was secured Fontenoy whispered to the prince, saying:

"Keep watch over him while I secure another and learn the countersign at the same time."

The prince realized what Fontenoy was about, and he saw the bold fellow putting on the coat and hat of the Dutch soldier, and he said to him:

"I will watch the prisoner well, but be careful how you proceed for your own sake, my brave friend."

"I will be careful, sir, for your sake as well as my own. But we are in a desperate strait, and bold deeds alone can serve us now."

"A little strategy may help us also," added Fontenoy, as he glanced at the helpless prisoner, while he prepared to move out and take his place.

Fontenoy commenced to pace up and down as he said to himself:

"I only pray that some straggler may come along now, and then for a bold move, through the Dutch camp with the young prince."

Several stragglers were approaching through the wood at the same moment, and Fontenoy soon recognized Colonel Barron's voice again as it rang out from the wood, crying:

"Search well, soldiers, and the prize to the fonder will be a rich one."

The prince's blood boiled with anger as he also

recognized the voice of the cruel colonel, and he clenched his hand as he said to himself:

"Would that I could be face to face with that brute on equal terms."

Captain Frank Held's voice was heard at the same time as he cried to his men:

"Be on the alert, soldiers, as it is certain that the prisoner is hiding in the wood here. His capture would be worth more than the ransom of a French marshal to the lucky one."

The two officers soon appeared in the open space where Fontenoy was acting the part of a sentinel, and the young scout presented his weapon at Colonel Barron's tall form as he cried in the Dutch tongue:

"Who comes there?"

"A friend," cried the colonel in English.

And he then turned to Captain Held, who was a few paces behind him, saying:

"By the way, Captain Held, what is your countersign tonight?"

"Advance and give the countersign," cried Fontenoy, in the gruffest tones he could assume, still keeping weapon pointed at Colonel Barron, which he muttered to himself:

"It would be almost just to send a bullet through the cruel tyrant, but it would be murder for all that, and not a soldierly act at best."

Captain Frank Held advanced with hasty strides and placed himself before Colonel Barron, crying:

"Tournay is the password tonight, soldier, and this English officer is on special duty with me. Did you notice any stragglers passing here recently?"

"I saw no stragglers, captain," returned the pretended sentinel.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a struggle was heard in the bushes and a rough Dutch voice cried out:

"Treachery, treachery! I was the sentinel on guard and I was surprised by enemies. Seize the man in front of you, Captain Held, and come here to my rescue, or the rascal will choke me to death."

The prince then darted out from the bushes into the open space near Fontenoy, and Colonel Barron was the first to perceive him, as he darted after him crying:

"It is the fugitive. Pursue and take him alive, as he cannot escape us now."

Fontenoy made a show of stopping the fugitive, aiming a blow at his head, as he whispered to him in passing:

"Dart right on through the camp, and I will protect the rear."

The prince did not utter a word in reply, but darted on at full speed with several pursuers after him.

## CHAPTER XI.—The Dash for Life.

During the confusion arising from the sentinel's warning cries, none of the hearers could comprehend that the sentinel in uniform before them was playing a treacherous part. The young prince was a fleet runner, and as he dashed on the disguised scout ran after him, crying aloud in the Dutch tongue:

"Stop him, stop him, but do not fire. It is the prisoner who escaped tonight!"

Colonel Barron was also a swift runner, and as he was not encumbered with a heavy musket he was soon up with the young scout, crying: "Raise the alarm again in your Dutch tongue."

Fontenoy pretended to understand the words addressed to him and be actuated by a spirit of deviltry at the moment. He staggered against the English colonel, giving him a heavy punch in the side with his musket at the same time.

Colonel Barron went down uttering fierce imprecations at the stupidity of the Dutch soldier, and Captain Held was on him before he could rise again. In the meantime, young Prince Charley was making a gallant dash through the camp, taking good care in his rapid flight to avoid the bivouac fires as much as possible. Before he had proceeded far, however, the alarm became general, and several forms sprang to intercept him. In order to make a diversion in his favor, Fontenoy dashed through the camp after him, crying in a loud voice:

"To arms, to arms, as the enemy are on us in the rear!"

The drums soon beat to arms, cries of alarm were heard in different parts of the Dutch camp, and general confusion prevailed for the time, as it was supposed that the active French had stolen a march on them to make a night attack on their rear.

The prince took every advantage thus offered to him, and, guided by the moon, he kept right on.

Finding that the musket encumbered him, Fontenoy drew the bayonet therefrom and then plunged on the faster after he had flung the heavy weapon away, while he kept crying:

"To arms, to arms! The French are on us in force in the rear!"

Captain Held heard that cry as he kept on in the pursuit with Colonel Barron, and he then realized the caution given by the disarmed sentinel in the bushes as he yelled aloud:

"The alarm is false, and that fellow shouting is a traitor. Down with the two fugitives, and fire on the rascals!"

Several shots were then fired at Fontenoy. Increasing his speed very much after flinging away the heavy musket, Fontenoy was soon up with the young prince, and as they dashed on together they struck down more than one of the enemy who opposed them. They were very near the end of the camp when two officers on horseback rode at them with their swords uplifted, and one of them crying:

"Halt there, you rascals, or we will cut you down."

Fontenoy had barely time to say to his friend ere they closed in the encounter:

"Cut them down and secure the horses."

As if to show a bright example, the dashing young fellow sprang at one of the riders and dealt him a heavy blow with the bayonet that sent him rolling from the horse. In another instant the victor was in the empty saddle and the horse's head was turned toward the French camp.

The prince had followed the brilliant example before him, as he used his sword with great dexterity, striking his opponent from the horse nearly as quick as young Fontenoy. Being an expert horseman Charley sprang into the saddle also.

Using their weapons to urge on their steeds they dashed along at a furious pace. On after

them thundered over a score of the Dutch troopers led by Captain Held, who had at last recognized his cousin Fontenoy as the rescuer of the prince. One glance around at the old familiar landmarks told Fontenoy that he could not be far from the advanced lines of the French.

Then raising his voice to the very highest pitch he yelled aloud:

"For France to the rescue!"

Then a bugle blast rang out on the night air. Captain Held heard that bugle blast as well as the shout, and he called a halt, crying:

"That young fiend has escaped me once again."

There was no mistaking the shout that greeted the adventurous youths as Captain O'Falvey dashed toward them at the head of fifty troopers of the Irish Brigade. Fontenoy Farrell was received with uproarious greetings, as it was reported that he was dead, and he was extremely popular in his brigade. As the prince had good reasons for not being recognized, even by his warm-hearted Irish friends, he was introduced by Fontenoy as a young gentleman from Brussels who had escaped from the Dutch camp with him.

After carefully inquiring as to the situation of the Dutch position, to all of which he received the most prompt and intelligent answers possible, Marshal Saxe remarked:

"I presume, my gallant youth, that you are too weary for further exertion tonight?"

"Not at all, General Saxe," was the prompt reply.

"I am very anxious to ascertain the fate of another captured by the English this morning. Will you dare to venture into their lines again in quest of the information I seek?"

"With pleasure, general."

"Then rest for an hour, and I will then give you your final instructions."

Fontenoy did rest for an hour in an adjoining tent, and he received instructions from the old veteran. In less than ten minutes after that he was on the way to the English lines.

## CHAPTER XII.—A Female English Spy.

When old Marshal Saxe gave Fontenoy Farrell his instructions he left the young man to his own devices as to the manner in which he should enter the English camp. Having arranged a suitable disguise, the young scout made a detour around the front of the English lines, so as to make it appear when detected that he was not coming from the direction of the French camp. On the night before the day of the eventful battle, the Duke of Cumberland was seated in his tent when Colonel Barron was announced. When the officer was admitted, he requested a private interview with his general, and it was at once granted. Colonel Barron then informed the Duke of Cumberland about the daring escape of the disguised prince and the young scout from the Dutch camp, and concluded by saying:

"I have thought it wise, noble duke, not to inform any one of the discovery made regarding the young Stuart, and I have reason to believe that his presence will not be made known in the French camp."

"I imagine you have formed some plan for getting the young traitor in our power. Is it not the truth, Colonel Barron?"

"It is, noble duke. The person who has just brought me information from the French camp has offered a suggestion for retaking the prisoner, and I believe that it may be carried out."

"Is that the person who has just brought us such information as to the positions of the French around Fontenoy?"

"The same, noble Duke. That person is ready to return to the French camp tonight in order to act against the young prince, against whom she has a private cause of enmity."

Colonel Barron then proceeded to explain the project proposed, and in as brief terms as possible, to all of which the Duke of Cumberland gave a ready assent. Having arranged the plot against young Charley Stuart, Colonel Barron left the tent, and proceeded to his own quarters. About a quarter of an hour afterward the English colonel left his tent with a woman who wore a large cloak, the hood of which concealed her features. Passing along to the side of the camp, the English officer escorted his companion in silence until they reached a side road just outside the English lines, and then left her. The young woman then hastened away toward the French camp, while Colonel Barron turned toward his own camp muttering:

"Would that I had thought of setting her on that infernal young Irish spy, but I will be even with him yet, and Heaven help him if he falls into my hands after the battle tomorrow. Who comes here?"

The words were addressed to an old Flemish peasant who had just emerged on the road from a side lane, and who was then advancing toward the English officer with trembling steps. The old man grasped a large stick by both hands, leaning on it for support as he tottered along.

"I am Jacob Betz, sir, and I am going to my cottage in the vale down below."

"Turn your steps and come with me, as I believe you are a French spy."

On being thus addressed the attitude of the old man became changed on the instant. Straightening himself up to his full height, and without retreating a step, he raised his heavy stick with one hand as he retorted:

"I will not turn at your command, and old as I am I will defend myself if you assail me."

Muttering a fierce imprecation, Colonel Barron struck out with his weapon with the purpose of striking the stick from the hands of the old fellow. The peasant drew back one step only and parried the blow with apparent ease. Then he cracked his skull with his stick, sending him to the ground unconscious. The old man bent down over his opponent and secured his sword and pistols, as he muttered to himself:

"I have given this tyrant another lesson, and I only hope that I will meet him and Frank Held on the battlefield tomorrow."

As the old man spoke he broke the sword across his knee and flung it on the ground beside its owner. Bending down again, he placed his hand on the breast of the insensible man, as he muttered aloud:

"I gave him a sturdy blow, but he will soon

recover from it. These papers may be of account, and I will take them along with me."

Fontenoy Farrell then drew forth a bundle of papers from the pocket of the fallen man and placed them in his own, as he said to himself:

"How strange it was that I should encounter the person I sought in company with Colonel Barron, and that I should overhear enough to place her life at stake. I will now hasten back after her as my errand in the English camp is accomplished. Poor Prince Charley, you are beset by many enemies, but I trust that I will guard you again tonight."

On reaching the French lines Fontenoy Farrell proceeded at once to the tent of the old marshal, who was greatly surprised and deeply mortified at the authentic information brought to him by the young scout. It was fully a quarter of an hour after receiving the blow before Colonel Barron arose from the ground in a bewildered state of mind, and he stared around, as he muttered to himself: "May the fiend seize me if the fellow was not a spy, and he has secured my papers. I'll wager my life on it, it was that young fiend of the Irish Brigade himself, and no other."

The defeated man then picked up his sword and staggered toward the English camp, rubbing his head the while.

"I must save the young woman at all hazards, and I will have vengeance on the infernal young spy ere the day dawns."

### CHAPTER XIII.—The English Spy In the Camp of the Irish Brigade.

When Fontenoy Farrell left the French general's tent he hastened with all speed toward the camp of the Irish Brigade. As the young scout drew near his friends, sounds of mirth and revelry could be heard on all sides. Fontenoy knew that Prince Charley was Colonel Dillon's guest for the night, and he directed his steps toward the tent of that gallant officer, where some of the choicest spirits of the brigade had assembled to make merry before the battle. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Fontenoy Farrell entered the tent, where he was received with the warmest salutations by all present, as his last daring deed in bursting through the Dutch camp was known to each. On casting his eye around the young scout perceived the disguised prince seated at the head of the table near Colonel Dillon. It chanced that a place was vacant beside the young prince, who received his late companion in the most cordial manner as he said to him in subdued tones:

"I only hope that you will one day sit at my festive board as my honored guest, my brave young friend."

At that moment a soldier entered the tent, holding a note in his hand and addressed Colonel Dillon, saying:

"There is a messenger outside, colonel, who sends me in with a note for the young gentleman called Gilbert Bronson."

The colonel took the note from the soldier's hand and handed it to the disguised prince, saying: "I hope it is not from a lady-love, who will take you away from us this merry night."

The young man then opened the note, and

Fontenoy Farrell could see that he was deeply affected as he read the contents, which ran as follows:

"To Gilbert Bronson, so called:

"If you desire to see one whom you profess to love, follow the bearer of this note without asking any questions.

"It is all important to me that my whereabouts should be kept secret and I enjoin on you to be silent on the subject whether you see fit to decline the visit or hasten to—Jenet Ferroy."

Fontenoy still kept his eye on the young prince after he had read the note, and he saw that his hand trembled as he placed it in his breast pocket. The disguised prince then arose and addressed Colonel Dillon.

"I ask your permission to retire for a while, Colonel Dillon."

The request was readily granted, and the young prince left the tent. Fontenoy said in whispered tones:

"Grant me permission to follow our friend, colonel, as I have reason to know that he will need my aid before very long, and I also desire to take a friend with me."

"Certainly, my lad," was the prompt reply.

The young scout then left the tent without attracting any attention, and as he passed Fighting O'Falvey he whispered into his ear:

"Follow me, please."

The two friends were soon out on the track of the young prince, whom they espied talking to a young damsel wearing a cloak, the hood of which she kept well over her face. The disguised prince soon followed the girl as she led him along through the camp ground toward the side road before mentioned. Fontenoy and his companion noticed that the young woman passed the sentinels without any trouble, and that she presented a paper to two officers whom she encountered. Under the guidance of his cloaked companion they passed the outposts of the Irish Brigade, and they were soon out on the lonely road leading out to the English lines. They had already passed to the right of the French lines, when heavy footsteps were heard behind them, and a familiar voice fell on the ear of the disguised prince, crying:

"Where are you bound for, Monsieur Bronson?

The prince turned impatiently on recognizing Fontenoy Farrell's voice and replied:

"I'm paying a private visit, friend, and I beg that you will not annoy me."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you aware that you are marching direct into the English camp."

The young prince turned suddenly on his female companion as he demanded: "Did you not tell me, woman, that you were guiding me to the rear of the French lines?"

"Dear me, can it be possible that I have lost my way?"

"It is possible, madam, and very probable at that," retorted young Fontenoy in dry tones.

"If you wish to go to the rear of the French lines, madam," said Fighting O'Falvey, "that is your way."

As if seized by a sudden impulse the disguised

prince grabbed the young woman's hood and tore it from her head as he cried:

"I will see who you are in any case."

A slight scream burst from the young woman on being thus assailed, and she then glared at the disguised prince with angry eyes, as she exclaimed:

"You are a wretch, and this is my reward for trying to serve you."

Fontenoy Farrell advanced and placed his hand on the young woman's shoulder, as he said to her: "You are my prisoner, madam, and I think you will get your proper reward, but not from those you serve best."

A terrified scream burst from the young woman, and she drew back, crying:

"Hands off, you wretch, as I am under the protection of Marshal Saxe."

"And mine, also," cried a voice, as Colonel Barron and Captain Held sprang out from the wood on them, followed by four troopers on foot.

Not the slightest expression of surprise burst from Fontenoy or his two friends on being thus assailed by superior numbers, but Fighting O'Falvey drew his sword on the instant and sprang in among them crying:

"Here's at you, you rascals, if you were twice as many."

Prince Charley recognized Colonel Barron's voice on the instant, and feeling at last assured that the young woman was playing a treacherous part with him, he drew the sword he had lately secured, also, and faced the English lines, as he cried:

"Thank fortune, we have met again."

The young prince then set on the English colonel with intense vigor, while the treacherous young woman drew back toward the English lines, as she cried:

"For mercy sake, do not slay the young man; but take him prisoner."

"He will never take me prisoner, false creature," cried the disguised prince, as he forced his stalwart adversary back on the road.

The fighting was terrific, but the English were forced to flee for their lives, while Fontenoy seized the woman and they conducted her to Marshal Saxe's tent.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—The Trial of the Female Spy.

Late was the hour, and weary as the old invalid French general must have been, he gave orders to admit Fontenoy Farrell and his prisoner into the tent when their presence was announced outside. Prince Charley accompanied his friend, and he kept staring at the young woman.

"I do not recognize her, yet there is something familiar to me in her voice and features."

When the young woman entered the tent the old marshal was reclining on a couch, and he lifted his head and fixed his eyes on her in a stern manner as he remarked:

"And so you have been intriguing with the English, madam, while you have been in the pay of the French king during the campaign."

"That is true, Marshal Saxe, and I trust that you will not believe my false accusers."

"After you left this camp this evening, madam, we received the information that you were seized by the English and threatened with death as a spy."

"That is the truth, Marshal."

"I then sent a trusted messenger to the English camp in order to effect your release, if possible. That messenger discovered you in consultation with a certain English colonel outside their lines. After arranging certain matters with him to return to the French camp."

"That is the truth, Marshal Saxe, as I had succeeded in baffling the English again, and I was returning with information to you, as well as with a message from a young lady in whom that person is interested."

As the brazen young creature thus spoke she cast a threatening glance at the disguised prince, as if she meant to say to him:

"If you attempt to denounce me I will betray a secret of yours."

The old marshal picked up the packet on the table and drew forth one of the documents as he continued, saying:

"After you left the English officer my brave messenger attacked him and defeated him in single combat. He then secured these papers, which contain a correct account of our positions for the battle expected tomorrow, together with the number of men which we hold ready to oppose the enemy. Can you deny that the writing in this document is yours?"

"I cannot speak openly before those persons, Marshal Saxe, and I beg that you will grant me a private interview at once."

The old marshal shook his head and then turned to young Fontenoy, saying:

"Please make a report of your proceedings since you returned to camp tonight."

The young scout then gave an account of his adventures with the female spy and clearly proved that she was enticing the disguised prince into the English lines when he interrupted her. Prince Charley was compelled to confirm the statement, and he produced the note which he had received saying:

"Marshal Saxe, I regret that I am compelled to bear testimony against this young woman, and I cannot understand how she came in possession of this note."

The old general read the note, and then stared at the female spy with threatening eyes as he demanded:

"Did you not write that note yourself, and are you not well aware that the person you allude to is now in Paris? Speak, madam, and confess your guilt."

The young woman broke down before the threatening eyes and stern voice of the old general, and she fell on her knees as she held up her hands in an imploring manner, crying:

"May I perish within an hour, general, if I was not faithful to you until I heard that that young wretch was here in the camp, and the spirit of vengeance seized me, as I have reason to hate him and to pursue him to the death."

The old general and the young prince stared at the kneeling woman as the latter demanded:

"Rise and explain, madam," demanded the old general.

The young woman did regain her feet, and she fixed her eyes on Prince Charley as she demanded: "You are acquainted with a young lady known as Janet Ferroy, sir."

"I was," was the prompt reply.

"On the honor of a prince and a gentleman, can you deny that you broke a sacred pledge to her?"

"On my sacred honor, I solemnly declare that I have broken no pledge to the young lady you mention. What is she to you, madam, and why should you assail me on her account?"

"Base, lying wretch," cried the young woman, in frantic tones. "Janet Ferroy is my sister, and she swore to me before I left Paris that you promised to make her your wife, even though you were heir to the throne of England."

The female spy then turned on the old French general exclaiming:

"You are mistaken in saying that I wrote the note handed to this wandering prince tonight, Marshal Saxe, as my sister is here in the rear of the French camp now, and then out before them strode a young girl, crying:

"It is true that I wrote that note, vile traitress, but not for the purpose of enticing that young stranger, and he sprang forward to clasp her hand, as he exclaimed:

"My dear Janet, I knew that you would not attempt to betray me into the hands of my enemies. Is it true that I ever made any false promises to you?"

The young stranger cast a scornful glance at the female spy, as she replied:

"It is not true, noble prince."

The speaker then turned on Fontenoy Farrell with a smile, as she asked:

"Do you not remember me, Fontenoy, as we were once playmates together?"

"I do recognize you, Janet, but I did not remember that you had a sister."

"This person is only my adopted sister," answered the young stranger.

The accused young woman turned on the beautiful young stranger in a wrathful manner as she cried:

"I am not French, and I owe no allegiance to the French king. If I have failed in capturing him, I have not failed in giving such information to the English as will lead them to victory tomorrow. I now defy you all to do your worst. Marshal Saxe, hasten my execution or the brave English will rescue me in the morning."

"Will you not admit, madam, that you forced yourself on me when you offered to become a spy on the enemy?"

"That is the truth, Marshal Saxe, but I was in the employ of the enemy before I engaged with you, and English gold is far more plentiful than yours. Now, what is my fate to be?"

The old marshal beckoned Fontenoy Farrell toward him, as he wrote an order on a slip of paper. Then addressing the young scout in whispered tones, he said: "Lead that wretched creature outside our lines and let her proceed to the English camp. Thanks to the information you have given, her treachery will not avail the enemy on the morrow."

The young scout then led her from the tent,

while the old general turned to the young prince saying:

"As I cannot expect you take part with us in tomorrow's battle, I will request you to retire to the rear, or you may fall into the hands of those who pray for your death soon again."

Prince Charley thanked the old general and then retired with the young lady. Before they reached the Irish camp under escort, Fontenoy Farrell was with them again. The young scout hastened to his own tent, where he slept soundly until aroused by the bugle blast calling on the men of the Irish Brigade to form themselves in battle array. When the young scout hastened out he found that all was excitement around him, while the booming of cannon in front announced that the great battle had commenced. The bravest veterans of France and England, led on by their greatest generals, and the Irish Brigade was to play its part in the memorable strife.

#### CHAPTER XV.—The Field of Fontenoy.

While King Louis of France was supposed to have command of the French troops at the battle of Fontenoy, old Marshal Saxe closed his own glorious career by the disposition which he made of the French brigades on that eventful day. The old veteran was so weak on the morning of the battle that he had to be borne around on a stretcher when inspecting his troops. The battle commenced early in the morning by the Dutch contingent attempting to take the town of St. Antoine. The village of Fontenoy was the center of the French position, and on the hill behind it King Louis and his son watched the struggle. Behind that hill was the Irish Brigade. Lord Clare commanded the Irish troops that day, and he soon received an order to hold himself and his brigade ready as a reserve. Fontenoy Farrell was a proud youth as he rode out that morning on his good charger. As the young scout was a privileged character in his regiment, he rode beside his friend Captain O'Falvey, who was also bursting with impatience for a charge on the English enemy. Early in the afternoon the French were successful on all sides, as they had defeated their enemies in every attempt made by them to break through their lines and gain a position on the road to Turnay. After the Irish regiment of horse had assisted in repulsing the Dutch at St. Antoine young Fontenoy encountered a young peasant living in the neighborhood who placed a note into his hand, saying:

"This is from the Dutch camp and I saw them there myself in Frank Held's tent."

The young scout became excited on the instant, as he felt a presentiment that his mother and Emma Held were in danger again. The note which he had received from the young peasant, who had escaped from the Dutch camp in the confusion of the battle, was written by Emma Held, and it informed young Fontenoy that his mother and herself had again been captured by Captain Held, and that they were held as enemies and spies. The impatient young scout then prayed fervently for an advance on the enemy in the hope that he would be able to rescue his dear friends. Marshal Saxe was satisfied with hold-

ing his good positions for the time, as a failure on the part of the English to take them was equivalent to a defeat. The officers of the Irish Brigade were anxious to take part in the great struggle, and many were the eager glances cast at the top of the hill before them, in the fond hope of seeing an orderly riding from Marshal Saxe with the welcome word for action. Hours and hours passed, and the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade were fairly eating their hearts in impatience, but that order did not come. When the order to march was given, that splendid body of seven or eight thousand men moved slowly forward into action, with several pieces of cannon in front and at each side of them, while bodies of light horse hovered around them to keep back the enemy's skirmishers. As the English column moved on by the wood of Barri, it was exposed to a hot fire of artillery, but it swept on through the storm and reached a position behind Fontenoy. Then the real struggle of the day commenced. From the top of the hill above Marshal Saxe saw the object of that splendid column, and he hurled his troops at hand against them, cavalry and infantry charging in turn; yet on kept that solid mass, sweeping all before it. Up the hill moved the chosen troops of England, firing at their foes, from musket and cannon with deadly effect. From the hill King Louis and his friends beheld the march of the proud English host, and he called on Marshal Saxe to hurl his household troops against it. Those chosen troops were the bravest veterans in the French army, and they were never known to retreat before an enemy. Down the hill they charged, and on to meet them swept the English column.

A fearful conflict ensued, yet it lasted but a few minutes, as the French were hurled back in disorder; and still on up the hillside pressed that solid English column, moving as steadily as when starting out on that famous charge. Then away flew orderlies down the hill, and the Irish Brigade was ordered up to charge the English column in its victorious march. One wild shout arose from the men of the brigade as they formed into line, and then all was as still as death. The victorious English column had reached the brow of the hill when their Irish foes commenced to march up against them.

Lord Clare rode out at the head of his men, and he shouted to them, crying:

"Do not fire a single shot, but charge on them with the cold steel. Let the cry be, 'For vengeance and for Erin!'"

Up the hill rushed the Irish Brigade on the double-quick, and on the slope above the English stood to meet them, with their guns reloaded and their cannon ready to play on their old foes.

On and on rushed the Irish without firing a single shot, and the English reserved their fire until the gallant sons of Erin were close on them.

Then into the Irish ranks poured a deadly volley, and down on the green hill-side went at least a third of their number.

Still up sprang the others shouting their glorious war-cry, and then in on the English lines burst the impetuous avengers, crying:

"Revenge! Remember our ruined homes and English perfidy."

The veteran English troops met that desperate

charge like heroes, and the struggle was fearful indeed.

Twice did they give way before the rushing tide of Irish bayonets, and twice did they form again at the orders of their brave officers.

At the first onset the Irish forced their foes back to the top of the hill, and they rushed at them again, dealing death and wounds with every cry as they pierced the English ranks on all sides.

The broken English column retreated sullenly down the hill toward the village of Fontenoy, and on after them pressed the impetuous Irish, dealing staggering blows at every step.

Stunned and shattered, and broken by the furious charge of the Irish Brigade, the survivors of the last desperate struggle fled in dismay, while in on them dashed some of the French troops who had suffered defeat before.

Back through the French camp dashed the fugitives in total disorder, their numbers growing less at every step, until scarcely a relic was left of that grand column which had almost turned the field of Fontenoy into another Waterloo. The sun went down over Fontenoy that evening with the English and Dutch mourning over a terrible defeat, while the French king and his old marshal were rejoicing at the great victory. After the fierce struggle was over, the survivors of the Irish Brigade returned to their camp to bury their dead, and to rejoice over the crushing defeat of their old foes. The victory was a decisive one for the French, as all the great towns in Flanders held by the English and Dutch soon fell into their hands, and the Duke of Cumberland was driven out of the disputed country. While the foot regiments of the glorious brigade were thus winning immortal renown the regiment of horse was not idle. Young Fontenoy Farrell charged with that regiment several times during the afternoon, but it was only after the crushing defeat of the great English column that he had had a chance of pushing on toward the Dutch camp. When the British bugles rang out a general retreat, and the Dutch fell back from before St. Antoine in great disorder, the Irish regiment of horse with two French regiments were ordered to rush forward in pursuit.

## CHAPTER XVI.—After the Battle.

Young Prince Charley was up bright and early on the morning of the battle, as he was very anxious to witness the great struggle if possible. As the young man's father was an imbecile at the time, the son was regarded as the lawful king of England by a large portion of the people who were opposed to the reigning Dutch monarch. If the French lost that battle, Prince Charley must give up all hope of gaining his throne at that time. Being free to go and come when he pleased, and after making some inquiries of the peasants around him, the young man hastened away to a wooded hill on the left of the battlefield, from the edge of which he hoped to gain a good view of the warlike operations below. The young lady who appeared in Marshal Saxe's tent

on the previous night and who had retired to the rear with him, was sleeping in a neighboring cottage, and the prince did not care to arouse her to inform her of his movements.

On gaining the edge of the wood the young gentleman could see and hear that the battle was already in progress close below him. Becoming intensely excited as he watched the scene, and having acquired some knowledge of warfare, he moved along to a better position without noticing whither he went. He did not even notice the frightened peasants of the neighborhood peering out at him from the wood, or the movements of Fontenoy, and he saw the great column of veterans moving to that splendid charge. The young prince then beheld the glorious Irish Brigade marching up to, assail their foes, and his heart beat all the faster while he muttered aloud:

"What a pity it is that the brave Irish are doomed to fight against my countrymen. If I were King of England I would abolish all the hateful laws framed against the Irish people."

A mocking laugh rang out from behind him at the moment, and he had barely time to turn around when he found himself surrounded by a party of English and Dutch troopers, led on by Colonel Barron. The unfortunate prince was seized on the instant, while the English colonel cried:

"You could not escape me, Charlie Stuart, as my spies have been watching you since those Irish dogs rescued you last night."

The prisoner was soon placed on horseback, and the party rode back again at full speed, making for the Dutch camp. On reaching the rear of the camp, the prisoner was led into a small cottage where he was surprised to see Fontenoy Farrell's mother and Emma Held, who was also held as captives. A strong guard was placed around the cottage under the command of Captain Held, and Colonel Barron rode away, crying:

"Look well to your prisoners, captain, while I hasten to charge against the enemy."

Mrs. Farrell and Emma recognized the young man on the instant, and they were both aware that he was Prince Charley Stuart. Fontenoy's mother was proud to hear of the achievements of her son on the previous night, as related by the young prince, who concluded by saying:

"I have a firm belief that he will rescue us yet."

Mrs. Farrell then told of the wonderful dream her husband had long years before, and she concluded by asking the young prince:

"How goes the battle, noble sir?"

"When I last looked on the struggle," replied the young man, "the English were bearing all before them, having forced and carried the French center in a gallant manner, but the Irish Brigade was about to engage them as a last resort."

Captain Held then entered the cottage and addressed Emma in excited tones saying:

"You must prepare for a journey, as we must move at once. If you will be my wife I promise you full protection."

"I'll never be your wife," cried the young girl.

The prince cast his eyes out of the window at

the moment and a scene of the utmost confusion met his gaze. The Dutch and English troopers were retreating in the wildest order, and he could readily see that they had suffered a crushing defeat. While he was still looking out, Captain Held sprang out of the cottage door to prepare for the journey, and along toward them rode Colonel Barron at the head of his regiment of horse. Halting his regiment before the cottage the English colonel cried:

"Out with the prisoners, Captain Held, and away with us, as we are sorely pressed."

Wild ringing shouts were heard on the road behind, and then on to the attack dashed the Irish horse regiment, Captain O'Falvey and Fontenoy Farrell riding in front. Colonel Barron wheeled his horsemen to meet that fiery onset, as he was determined to bear the prince away at all hazards, when the Irish troopers bore down on them shouting their war cries; and then a fierce battle ensued. That struggle was soon over, however, as the English were forced to fly in wild disorder, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the roadside. Captain O'Falvey faced Colonel Barron at the first onset, and the cruel Englishman was sent reeling from his saddle with a terrible cut across his face. Fontenoy Farrell encountered Captain Held almost at the same moment, and the young scout of the Irish Brigade put a full stop to the career of his treacherous cousin.

It was night after the battle, and the Irish troopers of the Brigade were encamped near the cottage where Prince Charley had been held a prisoner. That gallant prince was seated in the cottage with Fontenoy Farrell, and the young man's mother and Emma Held were present also. Addressing the young soldier of the Irish Brigade, Prince Charley said:

"I can never thank you enough, my brave friend."

"Don't mention it at all, noble sir," responded Fontenoy. "This has been a great day for France and for the Irish Brigade, and it is said that the campaign is ended for the present."

"I presume it is. The English will be compelled to retreat from Flanders, and all the great cities will fall into the hands of the French."

Fontenoy looked earnestly at the young prince ere he ventured to ask:

"Will the victor affect you in any way, noble sir?"

The young prince's eyes brightened a little as he replied:

"I trust that it will, and I have reason to believe that I will embark for Scotland ere many

days are over, where I will raise my standard and make a brave effort for gaining my throne."

Fontenoy grasped the hand of the young prince, as he said to him:

"May Heaven prosper you, sir, and if you will permit me I will accompany you to Scotland, as the fighting is all over here for the present."

Fontenoy Farrell did accompany Prince Charley to Scotland, where he took an active part in the glorious struggle that soon took place there. The gallant young scout survived that struggle, and, after passing through many thrilling adventures, he returned to his old home again, when Emma Held became his wife. The warlike youth also joined the Irish Brigade again, and he soon rose to the rank of colonel. Many years after his marriage Fontenoy fell on the field of battle, ending his glorious career in the same manner as his brave father.

Next week's issue will contain "MINDING HIS BUSINESS; or, MARK HOPKINS'S MOTTO."

#### RADIO FOR ENTOMBED MINER

Experimental work designed to test the availability of radio as a means of communication between miners entombed following fires and disasters and rescuing parties on the surface, conducted by the Department of the Interior at the Pittsburgh experiment station of the Bureau of Mines, indicates that ordinary radio apparatus would not be practicable for the purpose, says the *Scientific American*. There is some promise, however, in the application of "wired wireless," or line radio, which under mine conditions means transmission along metallic conductors such as water pipes, compressed air pipes, power and lighting circuits and mine car tracks, and the use of ground-current methods of signaling.

Because of the higher conductivity and resultant attenuation of the high-frequency radio waves in penetrating the earth, relatively high power equipment, which means bulk and weight, would be required for mine rescue purposes. For reliable communication by pure radio over distances of even 1,000 to 2,000 feet through strata, transmitting equipment with an input of from 50 to 200 watts or more, and used in conjunction with a sensitive receiver, would be required.

Such equipment would be much too bulky and complicated to fulfill the requirements for practical mine apparatus.

## LANKY ANDY'S LUCK

— Or, —

## The Rocky Road to Fortune

By FRED FEARNOT

(A Serial Story)

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

As a usual thing boys and girls are cruel to each other. They like to make each other squirm, mentally if not physically; but he laughed at all of them, and paid no attention to suggestions that were hurled at him.

"Say, Lanky," called out one of the boys, "I saw you talking to the teacher one afternoon last week."

"Yes, I used to talk to her every day when I went to school; in fact, I said my lessons to her."

"Oh, so did all of us."

"Yes, but none of us ever had her arms around our necks."

"Well, I did once, and you can bet I'll never forget it as long as I live."

By and by he went into the house, and shook hands with quite a number of other boys and girls; but he passed Freckles without so much as looking at her, although she was sitting with a smile on her face, ready to put out her hand the moment she noticed a movement on his part to do so.

As he passed her without noticing her the smile disappeared from her face, and she turned quite pale. Her lips compressed and her eyes flashed.

Poor as she was, she was a very proud girl.

A girl friend was with her, and noticing it, their eyes met, and Freckles hissed out:

"I hate him!"

"You can't blame him, Maggie," said her friend. "You snubbed him once publicly in such a way that I guess he can't get over it."

But all Maggie could do was to hiss between her teeth:

"I hate him!"

During the evening he made himself extremely agreeable to several of the girls, danced with several of them, and pulled candy with several; but not once did he permit himself to come in contact with Freckles.

A very pretty little girl, about fifteen appealed to him to help her pull her candy, as she had been given a larger piece than she could handle.

He took hold, and so long were his arms that he could pull it for her entirely; but when he got it to working all right, she took hold to help him, and a really jolly time did they have.

Several times he told her the candy wasn't half as sweet as she was, and that he would rather kiss her than to eat up all they pulled.

He was really audacious in his compliments to several of the girls, and the majority of them believed that he was doing so just to spite Freckles; but scarcely a smile came to Freckles's face during the entire evening.

The little girl finally told him what she heard the teacher say about him; that he was the brav-

est young man in the whole State, but that he wasn't a beauty.

He laughed and said:

"Well, the teacher tells the truth every time, and she is about the only lady I know who does."

"My! are there no other girls who can tell the truth?"

"Yes, there are plenty of them, but they don't do it."

"Well," laughed the little girl, "that is a left-handed compliment, I'm sure."

## CHAPTER V.

## Lanky Andy's Pugilistic Painting.

When Freckles saw that Andy wouldn't notice her at the party she assumed a very stiff air herself, and whenever his name was mentioned in her presence she elevated her nose, and looked as though she really didn't know him. He paid no attention to her, even when other parties came to him and said they heard her say this and that and the other thing.

There were some larger boys present, who were quite anxious to bring about a rumpus, so one of them went up to him and said:

"Say, Andy, Freckles says that you are the meanest low-down boy in the district, and that she wouldn't wipe her feet on you. Now!"

"Nick," he replied, "that's a jigger."

"Honest, now," returned Nick. "I heard her say it."

"That's two jiggers, Nick, and if you give me another one I'll give you a staggerer."

"No, you can't, Andy. You can't use me as you did Tom."

"All right. You make use of a good girl's name and I'll show you. Freckles is no friend of mine, but I know she wouldn't say that about me, because it isn't like her to do so. She is a lady."

"Well, just come out of the house," replied Nick, "and give me the staggerer. You can't do it, and don't try."

Quick as a flash he stepped out of the door, and Nick followed him, and the next minute there was a mix-up right in front of the door.

The house was almost emptied by those who wanted to see the fight.

Nick was almost a match for Andy, but he finally got the worst of it and was forced to admit that he had lied to Andy.

"I knew it well enough, because I know it would choke you to tell the truth. Now, the next one of you chaps who comes to me and says that Freckles said this or that I'll smash him."

Of course Freckles heard that, and she wanted to know what it was all about.

"Let somebody else tell you," said Andy, "for I won't," and with that he turned and walked straight back to his home.

Some other boy, though, told the story, and Freckles soon learned the truth that Andy had thrashed Nick for telling a falsehood about her.

She burst into tears, and cried out:

"Oh, won't you boys let me alone? I never said such a thing about Andy in my life, and wouldn't for my right arm."

Had Andy been there at that time reconciliation might have resulted, but he was then several hundred yards on his way back home; though he had left the marks of his fist behind him on both eyes

of Nick that remained there for nearly ten days. Nick finally confessed that he was merely having fun with Andy, teasing him.

"Well," snapped Freckles, "you had some fun with him, didn't you? I hope you are satisfied with it."

"Yes, I'm satisfied. I gave him as much as he gave me."

"I don't believe it. Your mother won't know you to-morrow morning. Your eyes will be black. I'm sorry he didn't smash your nose, for you are always sticking it into other people's business."

Her prediction was right, for the next morning Nick's eyes were in deep mourning, and no one was more surprised at it than he was himself, for he hadn't believed that the blows he had received were sufficient to leave any impression; so when he looked at his face in a piece of mirror that was tacked on the wall of his room he was as mad as a hornet, and vowed that if Andy's were not discolored that way, too, he would soon make them so. So he went in search of Andy, determined to take another thrashing, if necessary, to give Andy a black eye.

They were living out in what was known in that section as the "Backwoods." The little village where the schoolhouse was situated was named Mohawk, and it constituted only about a couple of hundred population, but the poor farmers were thick. There was not much waste land, but it was certainly very poor land.

Nick found Andy at work in the field.

There were two other boys with him, who wanted to see the fun.

"Lanky," he said, as he started toward him, "I own you a pair of black eyes."

"That's all right, Nick," returned Andy. "Just wait till I send you the bill in for them, and then you can pay for them."

"Gosh-ding it!" retorted Nick. "I don't like to owe a debt." With that he dashed at him, holding a stone in one hand, with which he intended to hit him in the face while clinging to him, but Andy was too sharp to be caught that way.

He dodged by ducking his head, and butted him in the pit of the stomach with such force as to knock him completely out.

Then he jumped on him, and blackened his eyes still farther, and he cut his lips badly with a blow from his fist against his front teeth.

When Andy let him up he left the field in a hurry, followed by the other boys, who were laughing.

"Well, maybe they'll let me alone after a while, but I wonder what Miss Mary thinks of my having to do so much of that kind of work. I don't think she will think it the rocky road to fortune by any means, but whenever they tackle me I'm going to lick them if I can. And to think, too, it is all about Freckles, whom I don't love one bit."

A couple of days later the young teacher came around on a visiting tour, intending to take in several families.

She stopped at the Wilmot home to chat a few minutes with Lanky's mother.

Some of the children ran out in the field and told Lanky that the teacher was in the house; so he threw down his hoe and went to the house, prepared to smile his prettiest.

He was barefooted, of course.

When she saw him she smiled, and asked:

"What are you doing, Andy—still working?"

"Yes, teacher."

"Well, it seems to me the farmers are about through with their work."

"Well, not me. I can always find something to do. I've taken to painting lately."

"Painting, eh? What have you been painting?"

He looked straight at her and asked:

"Have you seen Nick Porter lately?"

She looked at him inquiringly, and as his meaning flashed over her she laughed heartily, exclaiming:

"Well, Andy, if you can paint one's face so well on such short practice you'll soon become a master of the art; but whether you'll ever make a fortune at it is the question."

"Well, I had to do it. He came here after me, and I'm such a good-natured slob that I thought I'd do my best for him. Why didn't you come to the party the other night?"

"I did intend to, Andy, but I had a headache all that evening. They tell me that you danced with all the girls and had a good time."

"Well, I tried to be as pleasant as I could, but I was thinking, thinking, thinking, all the time."

"Well, let me tell you, Andy, that the man who thinks accomplishes something after a while. No man ever becomes great unless he uses his brain. It is the brain workers that make their marks in the world and command fortunes. There are thousands of men, too, who work hard all the time with their hands, while their brains are asleep. Of course, they remain poor all their lives. Think, think, and think hard."

She talked to him with the privilege of a teacher, and the mother seemed highly pleased that she took the trouble to do so, for he was no longer a pupil of hers.

On her way around visiting other families the teacher met Freckles, and the girl was trying to pass her without speaking, but Miss Wilson called out to her:

"Maggie, Maggie, what are you trying to pass me without speaking for? What harm have I done you? What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Really, I don't know," was her reply. "People are talking so much."

"Well, don't you pay any attention to what gossips tell you, Maggie, or you will have a miserable life. Always think well of everybody, and always be carefully not to say anything to wound anybody's feelings. I never uttered a word against you in my life, and I don't believe you've said anything about me. So why should either of us be miserable about what the gossips say. They have been running to you, saying things about Andy, while I know, and you have heard, too, that he has even fought in defense of you. He is still your best friend, and yet you think he isn't; so if you believe everything that gossips run and tell you you'll lead a miserable life, Maggie. Never listen to talebearers. A talebearer who comes to you with stories about other people will go to them with stories about you, when probably there is no foundation for either. Come and see me, now, Maggie, at my boarding-house. I may not teach here next year, for I'm applying for another position, in a county more than a hundred and fifty miles from here."

(To be continued.)

## PLUCK AND LUCK

# GOOD READING

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25

### FROGS LIVE FOR YEARS WALLED UP IN CEMENT

Several green frogs, imprisoned in cemented gravel, were set free when a road crew made a cut in a country road near Okanogan, Wash. They were found firmly imbedded three feet below the surface of the old highway. The frogs showed considerable animation on being released, giving no signs of the inconvenience caused by several years' imprisonment.

Trevor Kincaid, professor of biology in the University of Washington, declared the existence of frogs imprisoned in cement over a period of years quite possible.

### THE FRUIT OF HONESTY

It cannot be too often insisted that honesty and integrity, coupled with hard work and perseverance, will pay.

A country editor retired on \$50,000 and explained his success as follows:

"I attribute my ability to retire with a \$50,000 bank account, after spending thirty years in the newspaper field, to close application to duty, always hewing to the mark and letting the chips fall where they may, to the most rigid rules of economy, never spending a cent foolishly, everlastingly keeping at my job with a whole heart, and the death of an uncle who left me \$49,999.50."

### FEATS OF STRENGTH

Milo, the famous athlete of ancient Greece, born 520 B. C., was victor at both the Olympic and Pythian games for six times in succession. On one occasion he ran four miles with an ox on his shoulders, killing the animal with a blow of his fist, and then ate the entire carcass in one day. An ordinary meal for this gluttonous Titan was twenty pounds of bread, twice that much meat, and fifteen pints of wine.

Perydamus of Thessalia, another old-time Samson, was almost the equal of Milo, both in prodigious feats of strength and enormous appetite. One day—so it is recorded—he seized a bull by its hind feet. The enraged animal finally managed to escape, but is said to have left both hoofs in the athlete's hands.

Maximinus, the giant Roman emperor, could twist coins into corkscrews, powder hard rocks between his fingers, and do other seeming impossible things. When angered he often broke the jaw of a horse or the skull of an ox with his fist. His wife's bracelet served him for a ring, and every day he ate sixty pounds of meat and drank an amphora of wine.

Topham, the prince of English strong men, had knots of muscle where the armpits are in the ordinary man. He could take a bar of iron an inch and a half in diameter and five feet long, place the middle of it over the back of his neck, and then force the ends forward until they met before his face. On one occasion he called upon a village blacksmith and made of him an everlasting ene-

my by picking up a number of horseshoes and snapping them in two as easily as if they had been pine sticks.

### THE NUMBER OF THE STARS

When one looks up at the "star spangled" canopy of blue on a fine evening, he unconsciously thinks that the number of bright specks which shine to such a fine advantage against their azure background are beyond computation.

Such, however, is not the case. Bring the eye to bear upon a certain section of the sky, with some first magnitude star for a starting point, and see what an easy task it is to count all those within a large circle.

You will not count more than half a thousand before you find out that you have covered a goodly part of the visible firmament; in fact, there are seldom more than six thousand stars visible to the naked eye from any one point of observation.

A rare atmosphere may add a thousand to this number, but a slight haziness is more likely to reduce the visible number to one-fifth or one-fourth. There are probably another two thousand which are never visible (those lying around the poles) which gives us eight thousand in all that would possibly be visible to the naked eye.

With an opera glass or cheap telescope the number may be increased to three hundred thousand, while with a large sized instrument like that of Lord Rosse or the one of the Lick Observatory, seventy million of these worlds of greater or lesser magnitude may be quite readily counted.

The variance in the number to be seen with the naked eye, the opera glass and the more perfect astronomical instruments arises from the fact that some are larger, some are further away, while others yet are more brilliant than their fellows.

There are only twenty of this entire lot known as stars of the first magnitude; thirty-five are second magnitude stars. one hundred and forty are third, three hundred and twenty-seven are fourth, nine hundred and sixty of the fifth, four thousand four hundred of the sixth, and about fourteen thousand of the seventh magnitude.

At present our sun with its train of planets is rushing through space, the stars before the train making way, while those behind close up after it has passed.

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## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1925

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## TURKISH FIRE FIGHTING

In Constantinople Turkish firemen respond to an alarm of fire with a small pump attached to a garden hose. The city's fire loss is so heavy that the city virtually is rebuilt every fifty years. And strangely enough, the most popular attraction in the municipal museum is a modern fire truck in bright red with brass trimmings, presented to the city before the World War by the German Kaiser. The Turks were puzzled what to do with it until some one suggested putting it in the museum.

## BABY COMES AS FREIGHT

Neatly tagged and traveling as freight, two-year-old Carl Andres Brumme arrived alone in Hoboken on the Scandinavian-American liner *Helig Olav* the other day. Flapping from his buttonhole and seeming very much oversize was a label reading: "I am an American citizen. I speak English. I am not lost, neither am I straying nor have I been kidnapped. I am going home to my father and mother in the U. S. A."

His parents met him at the pier and took him to his home at 2767 Morris avenue, the Bronx.

## WINTER DARKNESS IN SPITZBERGEN

The period of winter darkness in Spitzbergen, Northern Norway, begins on Oct. 26 and continues until Feb. 17. The Midnight Sun rises above the horizon on April 19 and sinks below on Aug. 24. During the summer the temperature varies from 37 degrees to 50 degrees F., and in winter it drops as low as -40 degrees; the mean annual temperature is about 16 degrees F. Because of the dryness of the air the low temperatures do not cause the penetrating chill that they would in more humid regions.

## ELECTRIC MACHINE FOR SEARCHING WORKERS

To avoid workers in factories which employ in their products gold, silver or precious stones suffering the indignity of being selected for searching, a clever Danish engineer has invented a special apparatus. Hitherto the custom has been to stop at haphazard a certain proportion of

the "hands" leaving such factories at night, thus apparently casting suspicion upon the individual so selected. By this new invention all this is obviated, for the worker asked to adjourn to the searching room is chosen by a machine.

The apparatus consists of a container holding a number of balls corresponding to the number of workers engaged in the factory. Some of the balls are made of a material conductive of electricity. As the workers pass to the exit they press a button, when a ball is released and rolls out of the container, and a white lamp glows for a moment. In such case the worker passes on.

Should one of the conducting spheres roll out, the electric current turns on a red lamp, and that means that the person so indicated is one of those to be searched. As any quantity of either kind of a ball can be placed in the machine beforehand, the management can decide how many, or how few, workers are to be indicated by the red lamp and searched accordingly.

## LAUGHS

**Military Instructor**—What is meant by hereditary enemies? **Recruit**—Your relations.

"Does your husband give you a little surprise now and then?" "Oh, yes. He occasionally comes home sober."

**Callow Youth**—Barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave? Barber (glancing at him)—Oh, about two years.

"What are you doing in that cupboard, Bertie?" "Hush," said Bertie, digging a spoon into a jam pot, "I'm pretending to be a burglar."

**Boss** (to new boy)—You're the slowest we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything? **Boy**—Yes, sir; nobody can get tired as quick as I can.

"What makes those pies look so thin?" asked the railroad restaurant manager. "Swattin' the flies what light on 'em," replied the blonde girl attendant.

"So, doctor, you are still single. Ah, I fear that you are somewhat of a woman hater." "Nay, madam; it is to avoid becoming one that I remain a bachelor."

**Tom**—Is it true that you proposed to Alice and were rejected? **Jack**—Not exactly rejected—she said when she felt like making a fool of herself she'd let me know.

**Her Father**—You've been calling on my daughter for some time, young man. Why don't you come down to business? **Suitor**—Very well! How much are you going to leave her?

"Want a job, eh?" "Yes, sir; I am looking for a place where there is plenty of work." "I am sorry, but there would not be enough work here to keep you busy an hour a day." "That's plenty of work for me, sir."

## POINTS OF INTEREST

### BEEES IMPRISON FAMILY

The family of Mathias Poschinger, Louisville, Ky., were held virtual prisoners all day in their home by bees, estimated to have numbered 60,000. The bees, vagrants from a nearby wood, took possession of the Poschinger front porch. Every attempt of the besieged family to gain freedom was promptly blocked by the insects.

### ISLAND OF ST. MARTIN

St. Martin is one of the West India Islands, the northern part belonging to the French, and the southern part to the Dutch. It lies midway between Anguilla and St. Bartholomew, latitude 18 degrees 4 minutes, longitude 53 degrees 10 minutes west. Its area is about 30 square miles. The surface is hilly, well watered, and in its southern part are some lagoons from which the Dutch obtain large quantities of salt. Of the French portion about one-third is under cultivation. The chief products are rum and sugar. Many cattle are reared. The southern, or Dutch, part is less fertile and wooded; the principal products are sugar, rum and salt. The French and Dutch made a settlement in this island in 1638, but they were expelled by the Spaniards, who themselves abandoned it in 1650. The French and Dutch subsequently resumed possession and divided it between them. The population of the northern, or French, division is about 1,500 and of the Dutch, or southern, part about the same. Forty years ago the population was about double what it is today.

### PAVING THE WORLD'S STREETS

The lake of asphalt in Trinidad has fallen only fifteen feet since its discovery by early explorers, despite the fact that approximately 4,000,000 tons of road-making material have been removed, says Popular Mechanics. It is estimated that 10,000,000 tons of the mixture have been churned into asphalt by gases during the ages in Pitch Lake, which is known as Devil's Caldron among the natives. To transport the material, rails mounted on ties have been extended over the surface, and cars are run out to the diggers, who never move the scene of operations, as each morning finds the holes left by the previous day's activity filled up. About every three days, the pitch covers the railway, which slowly sinks into the soft material and must be raised and relaid. By means of this track, 100,000 tons of asphalt are withdrawn from the lake each year. The entire deposit covers an area of about 110 acres, but its depth has never been measured.

### CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA

Although the camel proved unsatisfactory for use as a beast of burden in the mining regions of Nevada and Arizona, the animal is rapidly coming into favor and profitable use in mining countries in other parts of the world. It seems probable to the mining industry that in South Africa the camel will take the place of the horse for most uses, as the camel is not injured by the insects which prove fatal to the horse and the bullock, nor is it attacked by the diseases that destroy oth-

er beasts of burden. The Germans are already making great use of the camels in southwest Africa. They are found to be very valuable for making long journeys, as they are able to travel a whole week without water or food. In Australia the camel is fast taking the place of bullocks for use in the barren interior regions. It is stated that there are already opened up and in regular work in Australia five lines of camel traffic, and that on these lines over 2,000 camels are in daily use. Camels are found to be so useful that the number employed will be increased as rapidly as possible. With bullock teams only about ten miles a day can be made, but it is found that the camel will travel eighty-four miles in eighteen hours, carrying a load of 300 pounds. In the interior of Australia are 1,000,000 square miles of almost unknown desert, and it is on the great inland plains that it is intended to utilize the camel trains, as by their use the various cases of civilization may be more directly connected than by the old bullock routes. On the arid plains and among the mud flats and brackish lakes the camel finds plenty of coarse grass and thorny shrubs on which to subsist. It is claimed that work can be found in Australia for 1,000,000 camels.

### AN ODD KNIFE'S LONG TRIP.

To cleanse one of the long pipes that carries crude oil from the wells of western Pennsylvania to the refineries in Philadelphia, an odd appearing instrument has just concluded its long journey hither underground. As the oil flows through these underground conduits, the paraffine in the fluid is separated, and this residuum incrusts the sides of the pipes and proves a serious hindrance to the free passage of the current of oil.

The device that is used to remedy this evil is a knife about two feet in length, with a sharp edge that is constructed exactly like the thread of a screw. Indeed, the knife itself resembles a huge headless screw more than anything else; it is always slightly smaller in diameter than the pipe it passes through.

When the thickness of the crust of paraffine renders a cleansing necessary, this instrument is inserted in the first link of the huge iron chain far off in the oil fields. It receives its motive power from the stream of petroleum, which it accompanies all the way from Philadelphia, revolving rapidly as it hurries along, and scraping the channels clean from every particle of paraffine.

It turns and twists and cleanses in this manner throughout its whole long journey, finally dropping from the pipes in the midst of the vast stream of petroleum that empties continuously into the receiving tanks at Philadelphia. Its edges, to be sure, are duller than when it set out upon its expedition, but otherwise its condition is perfect. It is immediately shipped back to the fields, when it is sharpened again, and laid away until future paraffine accumulations require once more its valuable services.

## FROM ALL POINTS

## THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

## DAY AND NIGHT POPULATIONS OF SAND DUNES

Just as cities have their hustling daytime populations and their night-life denizens made up of quite separate classes of people, so the little Saharas on American sand dunes have entirely different day and night populations of insects, Prof. Royal N. Chapman of the University of Minnesota and some of his graduate students have discovered through a study of small dunes in Minnesota. They found a night population consisting almost entirely of one species of beetle, which burrowed deeply into the ground at the first streak of day and remained there until dark came again. The daytime population was more varied. Both night and day groups were largely governed in their movements by temperature.

## COCAINE SUBSTITUTE USED AS ANESTHETIC

A new anesthetic, which ultimately may result in the abandonment of cocaine for this purpose, has been discovered by Dr. Schulemann, German scientist, it was announced by the American Chemical Society.

The new compound, known as tutokain, is said to have been discovered among the intermediate products in the manufacture of artificial rubber. Unlike cocaine, it is non-poisonous in practical use, it is said, and can be sterilized without decomposition.

"Cocaine," according to the society's report, "is so much in demand in Germany to-day that because of its habit-forming properties attempts are being made to discontinue its use and gradually forbid its manufacture and traffic."

Both in chemistry and pharmacy, it is said, German scientists are endeavoring to substitute synthetic chemicals for medicines obtained from plants.

## TO EXPLORE VIRGINIA CAVES

Headed by Dr. Chester A. Reeds of the Department of Geology of the American Museum of Natural History, a party of members of the Explorers' Club are now on a trip to the Endless Caverns in the Shenandoah Valley, near New Market, Va.

The caverns were discovered in 1879. They were partly explored, and one section was opened to the public in 1920. They are believed to be several million years old, and the object of the present expedition is to visit the unexplored sections and locate the sources of the cave streams.

Besides Dr. Reeds, the party will include David L. Brainard, Henry Collins Walsh, founder of the Explorers' Club; H. D. Ashton, the big game photographer, who recently made the trip to Porto Rico on the naval dirigible Los Angeles, and Merle la Voy, known as an explorer of Alaska and the Solomon Islands.

Dr. Reeds spent four days in the caverns last January, and this time expects to penetrate beyond the one and a half miles that already have been explored.

## Tales of the Revolution

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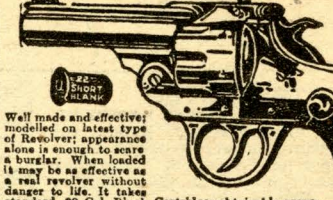
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St. Martin is one of the West India islands, the northern part belonging to the French, and the southern part to the Dutch. It lies midway between Anguilla and St. Bartholomew, latitude 18 degrees 4 minutes, longitude 53 degrees 10 minutes west. Its area is hilly, well watered, and in its southern part are some lagoons from which the Dutch obtain large quantities of salt. Of the French portion about one-third is under cultivation. The chief products are rum and sugar. Many cattle are reared. The southern, or Dutch, part is less fertile and wooded; the principal products are sugar, rum and salt. The French and Dutch made a settlement in this island in 1638, but they were expelled by the Spaniards, who themselves abandoned it in 1650. The French and Dutch subsequently resumed possession and divided it between them. The population of the northern division is about 1,500, the south about the same. Forty years ago the population was about double what it is today.

# PIMPLES

## Blackheads—Acne Eruptions

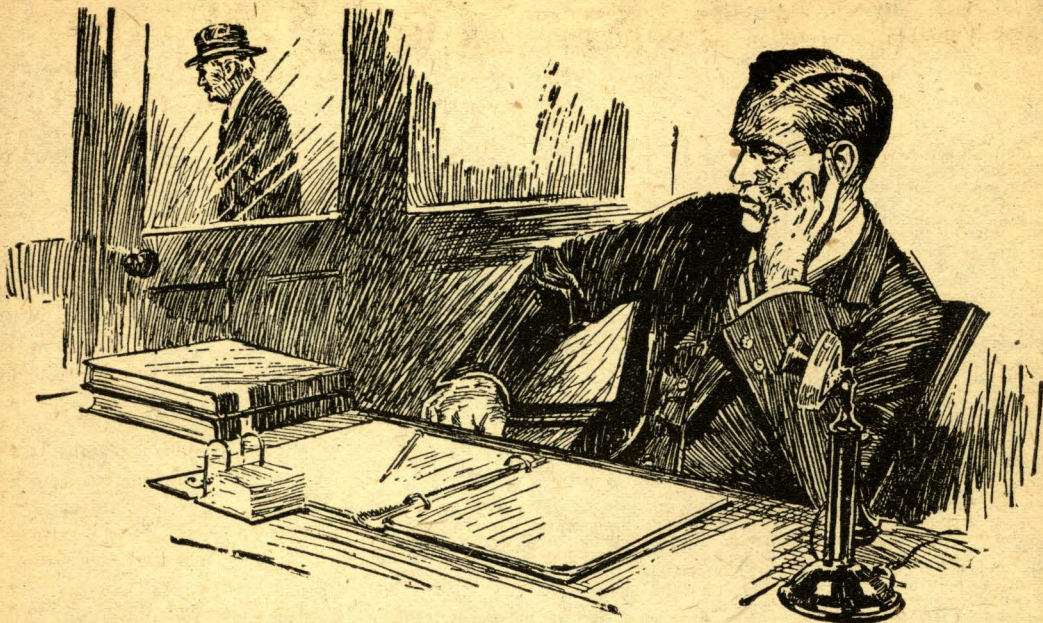
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